

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

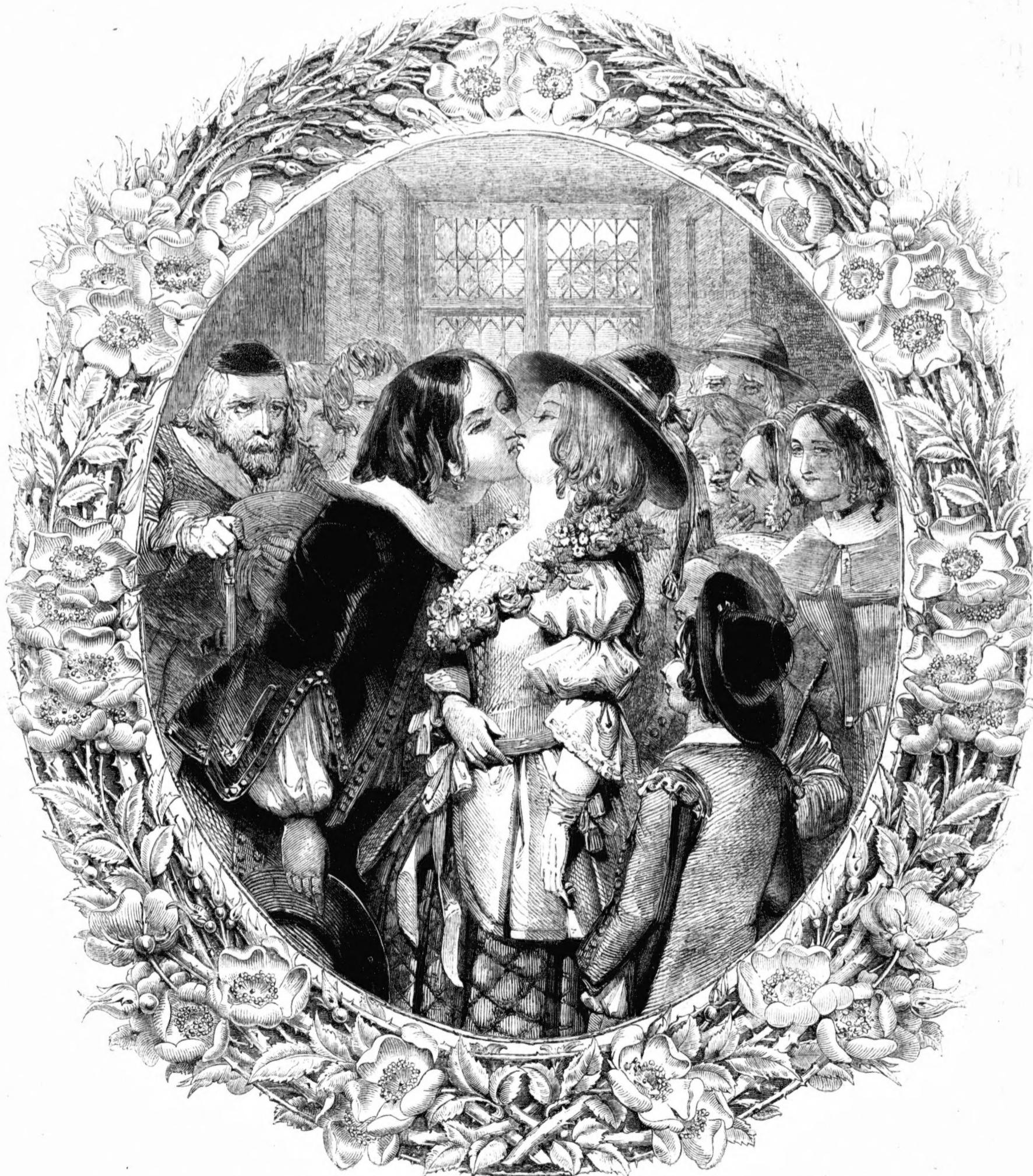
THERE is a batch of bills before Parliament dealing with the Education Question just now; with regard to which nobody expects that any of them will pass, and everybody agrees that some or all of them are necessary! So far have we got in the Education Question! We have the strongest wish not to "bore" our readers, and shall endeavour to avoid that annoyance; but some remarks on this im-

portant subject are much required at present. Just let us consider:—It is our constant boast in this present war, that we are fighting for civilization against "barbarism"—so it is only reasonable that we should abolish all the "barbarism" we can at home, and make our cause all the purer.

Now, everybody is agreed, we say, about the necessity of *some* educational measure. Why is this? Let us cull from the speeches

made by people on all sides of the question last Monday (11th inst.) in Parliament, and we shall soon see why.

Mr. Evelyn Denison quoted from Mr. Horace Mann's report, that there were 1,000,000 children whose non-attendance at school was caused, not by their own health or their poverty, but from "indifference and neglect on the part of their parents." Here we see the influence of the sturdy ignoramuses of the last generation. This



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM.—SALUTATIONS IN HONOUR OF THE TRINITY.—(DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS, THE ORNAMENT BY H. N. HUMPHREYS.)

million suffers from the parents' ignorance; and if nothing is done, what may we expect from the children of this million by and by? To this phenomenon people reply, that the State must make education "compulsory," and then comes the question of "How?"

Sir John Pakington had many facts to quote of the same nature as this last. He showed that we were below Austria, for example, in education. He brought forward authority to prove that the workhouse children of five counties could not read or write—did not know the Creed or the Lord's Prayer—and this at twelve and fifteen years old. He proved that the reports of prison chaplains all testified in the same direction; and that, for instance, in 1849, 2,000 prisoners were committed to Preston Gaol, "of whom 48 per cent. were unable to read, 41 per cent. did not know the name of the 'Saviour'—and so on."

Mr. W. J. Fox informed the House that, "the greatest proportion of prisoners in the prisons of the United States, was not of native Americans, but were emigrants from Europe"—a very awkward fact, directly pertinent, we fear, to the question.

There being, then, a very general agreement between Tory squires, Radical lecturers, and men the most opposed to each other, about our unfortunate state, one would expect some agreement in a plan for amending it. But though we are all agreed that our present condition is wrong, we are all at sixes and sevens as to how it is to be put right. The Tory Pakington is agreed to by Radical Fox, when he denounces ignorance, but when he suggests a plan he is opposed by Tory Manners. And so the case stands, and the debate is adjourned till Monday next, when nobody expects a satisfactory conclusion.

One fact looms out of the haze of darkness which surrounds this subject,—the difficulty is a "religious" one,—in plain language, a sectarian one: in plainer language, a selfish one. Because we cannot agree *how* we shall teach the Saviour, we are content that children shall grow up knowing not even His name. The Conservatives of the town cannot agree with the Radicals about episcopacy, and therefore John Stubbs's children shall not learn to read and write. Such is the present state of things. What a capital theme for a Popish polemic! He turns round to us Protestants, and says, "What did Bossuet say about the 'variations' of your faith? And here they are keeping your poor in a state of ignorance! You are below Catholic Austria!" We can, indeed, turn round and hoot him, and on many points he deserves hooting; but how are we better off when we have finished? Our ignorance is as great as ever. The little Stubbses are running wild, while we are denouncing Maynooth; and presently, Tom picks a pocket, and the gaol chaplain finds, on examining him, that he has never heard the name of the Queen. What makes all this more deplorably shameful, is, that we don't differ after all on any vital point of doctrine, and that all the fundamental points of Christianity are held in common by men who yet differ so bitterly, that they won't subscribe together to a school for teaching the rule of three.

The country will be sorely bewildered by their different bills, and perhaps it would be as well to try and get some clear and intelligible notion about them. We have to make our choice, at present, between three ways of dealing with the difficulty. We are asked to "allow the rate-payers the power of levying a rate not exceeding 6d. in the pound, and then a like payment would be voted by Parliament." This is Pakington's plan. He assumes the necessity of a religious education, but would not force Dissenters to accept Church of England education. Next, we have what is called the "Neutral Biblical" scheme, or Bible without note or comment—Lord John Russell's plan. Finally, there is the simply "secular" plan, which emanates from Manchester, and leaves the religious question on one side.

All the differences and sub-differences of these are surely trivial compared with the great fact of the infamous want of education—stated simply. Suppose it came to be a question between no education, or the education of a Baptist—what would a Church of England clergyman say? Would he say, "No education?" Some people tell us, "Yes." But suppose the clergyman on his death-bed, and that he had a little son to leave—would he so answer? We fancy not. We fancy that education would be to him so inexpressibly desirable, that he—or any cultivated man—would rather have his child brought up in the principles of Confucius than not cultivated at all. In manhood he would grow out of Confucius's doctrines, or, if he never did, would it not be better to die in them, than to die totally without mental development? Education is surely the first thing to consider, since it is the introduction to everything else. Not that intellectual instruction is sufficient by itself; but that, considering how letters are diffused, all teaching must take them first into its account. Oral teaching would not now be sufficient, were it possible; but with our swarming populations, and changed modes of life, it is *not* possible.

So far, then, the secular educationist has good ground to rest on. He is for some teaching, at all events. While you are quarrelling, he says to the others, "The people perish." He views the matter thus:—Let the State take its watering-pot and water the garden impartially, and let shrubs and plants sprout according to soil and nature.

But, after all, it comes back to a question between the religious bodies. Religion is part of the law of the land. It is a supreme want in the nature of man. It cannot be ignored. Neither Church nor Dissenters will tolerate an organised system excluding it:—and where are the wealth, intelligence, and character of England, if you take away Church and Dissenters?

It becomes, then, the duty of these bodies—soberly considering the great matters at stake—the future—the honour—the very life of England—to come to some agreement on the question. It is demanded from them by the impartial statesmen and philosophers of the kingdom. It is demanded from them by higher considerations. It is their duty to the Christian religion which they profess in common, and to the land which they inhabit in common. They cannot postpone it with honour, and we fear they cannot postpone it with safety.

They have both concessions to make, and let them set about making them gracefully. When the Church of England insists on her right to educate the people, and on having that education under her control, she provokes many inquiries. Let us not ask, too curiously, how it has come about that Dissent is so powerful? What negligence left the people in such a state that Dissent spread like a mighty wave? What are we to impute to it, that even the Mormons carry off our population in triumph, from their pastors, by appealing to their "fanatism," in other words, to such form of the religious sentiment as their benighted condition has left in them? The earnest men of the Church well know that she has much to answer for,—that she has not justly used her great opportunities,—and this consciousness has led to various movements in her body, the object of all of which is to enable her to lay hold of the new age. The Dissenters, meanwhile, would be exceedingly guilty if they preferred any exultation over the short-comings of the Establishment, or any jealousy of her social advantages, to doing the good which might be achieved by a wise co-operation with her in such a point as the education of the people. The personnel of the Establishment is so infinitely superior to theirs, that it would be ridiculous to compare them. This, of course, heightens the Establishment's respon-

sibilities: but if contempt on one side is to be met by jealousy on the other,—if the Churchman is to think the Dissenter "low," and the Dissenter to call the Churchman "bloated," why the people of England must be content to be inferior in national education—we do not say to Austria only—but to China, where, according to the very best accounts, the mass of people are better educated than they are among ourselves. It is very creditable to Sir John Pakington, that he has, by taking liberal ground towards the Dissenters, paved the way for a more charitable treatment of this very vexed question. No doubt, a hundred questions arise out of "Education" viewed in all its bearings—but the communication of the elements of human knowledge is surely not so very difficult a matter as to be out of the reach of a great nation. The vital difficulty lies in this "religious" difference, but the country must insist on a compromise between the parties for the common good. The Church of England must not demand powers which the changes of the age have made her quite incapable to use beneficially. The Dissenters must meet her advance courteously; and when once education is put in a fair train, we shall be glad to hear them both on the primitive form of Church Government, or any subject on which they choose to differ.

Having indicated the present state and latest developments of this question, we must await Monday night's further debate on the bills, before we can give our readers a definite view of the next steps that may be expected.

SALUTATIONS IN HONOUR OF THE TRINITY.

THERE are good old customs and bad old customs. For instance, every right-minded person should, if he or she would pass a happy year, eat lamb and gooseberries on Easter Monday, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, and plum-pudding on Christmas-day. These are good old customs, because the flavour of these several dishes is excellent, and there is great pleasure in complying with an ordinance that both delights the appetite, and calms the mind. But on the other hand, the cruel infliction of that vile repast of salt fish on Ash Wednesday, is a very bad old custom. Even if the sauce that is served up with it, were made with the eggs of Birds of Paradise, it could not impart a decent flavour to the mess, so disgusting is the original compound. Why this absurd and unpalatable feast should be so stubbornly persisted in, we never could make out; we can only suppose that Fashion, the most austere of all custom's officers, sanctions and protects it; or else that a generous government started the infliction for the better protection and encouragement of the Newfoundland fisheries.

How willingly would we forego our thirsty, bony, colourless salt fish ceremony, and substitute in its stead, some custom as glorious as that which has furnished Mr. Kenny Meadows with the subject for his finished and elegant illustration!

The reader, when looking at the drawing (to explain which this article is written) must not for one moment imagine that the young couple in the foreground are embracing each other from any feeling of affection. They are simply complying with a custom, which compelled that swain—however much he might object—to kiss that young lady, whether she liked it or no. They are not brother and sister meeting after a long separation; neither are they performing any ceremony of betrothal. They are both evidently simple, well-trained children, and are no doubt going through the rite with tranquil bosoms and cool cheeks, fully impressed with the solemnity of the performance. The young lady is holding out her lips, as if she were handing the embrace to the youth, who is, with a half-bow, accepting it as calmly as if it were a fig or a compliment. The expression of his eyes is perhaps rather wild, but so terrible is the ordeal, that every allowance must be made for his feelings.

The elderly people in the background, are looking on, not as many might suppose, to preserve order and see fair play, but merely to do honour to the sweet ceremony. The little urchin in front is too young to understand the true solemnity of these forms. To him, the proceeding is a comic one. He is laughing. He can understand that the embrace is being given against the will of both parties, and the unpleasantness of the situation delights him as much as if the couple had knocked their heads together. When he grows to be nineteen, perhaps he will be able to understand the sufferings that are tormenting the poor young man before him.

In a letter to Aubrey, ("Miscellanies," 1714) dated Ascension Day, 1682, is an account of Newtonton, in North Wiltshire; where, to perpetuate the memory of the donation of a common to that place, by King Athelstan, and of a house for the hayward—*i.e.*, the person who looked after the beasts that fed upon the common—the following ceremonies were appointed: "Upon every Trinity Sunday, the parishioners being come to the door of the hayward's house, the door was struck thrice in honour of the Holy Trinity; then they entered. The bell was rung; after which, silence being ordered, they read their prayers. Then was a garland (garland) of flowers (about the year 1660, one was killed striving to take away the garland) made upon an hoop, brought forth by a maid of the town upon her neck; and a young man, a bachelor, of another parish, first saluted her three times in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father. Then she puts the garland upon his neck, and kisses him three times in honour of the Trinity—particularly God the Son. Then he puts the garland on her neck again, and kisses her three times in respect of the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost. Then he takes the garland from her neck, and by the custom, must give her a penny at least, which, as fancy leads, is now exceeded, as 2s. 6d., &c."

In all, nine kisses are given, three by the lady and six by the gentleman. King Athelstan must have been a very excellent man to have first thought of such a pleasing custom. We have been to the Crystal Palace on purpose to see his statue, and, judging by it, we should say he was both good looking and kind hearted. Poor monarch! little did he think that his rebellious people would one day so insult him as to abolish the excellent ceremony that perpetuated his memory and name. The gift of 1d., after as many as nine kisses, appears to us to be mean and contemptible. It is not at the rate of even one farthing per embrace. Besides, what could a young lady do with a penny? The best thread is three-halfpence a reel, so she could not buy that. She might have a bun, or cross over Waterloo Bridge twice, or treat herself to a peep show. Now, with half-a-crown, the arrangements might be more vast and satisfactory. The Lowther Arcade is open to all purchasers who love jewels. For 2s. 6d. she might obtain a locket, a ring, a plated fork, a work-box, five pots of pomatum, or a peck of hair pins, all of which would serve to keep alive, for at least a month, the remembrance of the youth who gave them to her.

In 1660, "one was killed striving to take away the garland." Poor fellow! most likely the young lady was that year unusually beautiful, and this rash man, being madly in love and weak of leg, was tumbled over, and trampled under the feet of her thousand admirers. You might—but we shall not—write a romance or compose a five act tragedy upon this simple incident.

The greatest impediment that we see to the introduction, now-a-days, of this good old custom, is, that the method of giving this garland was "from house to house annually, till it came round." In such a huge city as London, the thing would be impossible. Let us suppose that the parishioners of Kemnington, wishing to perpetuate the memory of Athelstan, were to endeavour to revive the ceremony. They would assemble at the door of the person who looks after the little beasts on the common, *i.e.*, the beadle who keeps the little boys in order; and the young lady living at No. 1, Susanna Crescent, would be appointed to step forth with the garland round her neck. How many thousand years would it take before No. 46, Mary Cottages, had her turn? The thing is impracticable!

Our forefathers were thoroughly acquainted with the selfishness of human nature. One of the regulations of the Feast of the Trinity was, that "in the evening every commoner sent his supper up to the hayward's house, which was called 'the 'Eale House'; and, having before laid in there equally a stock of malt, which was brewed in the house, they supped together, and what was left was given to the poor." The equality of the contribution of malt proves that there were low persons living even in King Athelstan's days, who were willing to give little and take much—

scoundrels, who would send in their handful of barley and then consider themselves entitled to drink beer until they had drowned their legs and feet under the table.

Among the churchwardens' accounts at Lambeth are the following items of expenditure incurred for one of these Trinity feasts:—

1519. Item, for garlands and drynys for the chyldeyne on Treynye even 0 0 6

... To Spryngwell and Smyth for syngyn with the procession 0 0 12

... Item, for four onysys of garneyng rebonds, at 9d. the onys 0 3 6

How much "drynys" the poor wretched "chyldeyne" could have in the present day for 6d., it is beyond us to imagine. Three pints of milk, a three-pailful of water might furnish a rich repast for a limited number. In the year 1500, drinking materials were cheaper than they are now; indeed, even up the year 1760, there were houses in St. Giles's where a man might, for the small charge of one penny, be made dead drunk, and have clean straw to lie upon into the bargain. Alas! the good old times have passed away.

Messrs. Spryngwell and Smyth appear to have acted as the brass band to the procession. The former gentleman's name sounds more like that of an acrobat than that of a musician, as if he had been engaged to head the band by walking on his hands instead of singing duets with Smyth.

It took four ounces of ribands to decorate the garland in those times. There is not a servant-maid in Bloomsbury, or a lady in Belgravia, who would not carry more in her next Sunday's cap or bonnet. We sigh in vain for primitive simplicity, and ribands at 9d. the ounce.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

On Thursday, 7th inst., a distribution of prizes took place at the cat's show in the Champs de Mars, in presence of a large assemblage of people. Among the successful competitors were Lord Feversham, Mr. Crisp, and Prince Albert. The show terminated on Saturday. The country gents, men of France have expressed their high admiration of the animals from England.

A grand municipal banquet was given on the same day in the Hotel de Ville to the Lord Mayor of London. The display was magnificent, and the hospitality of the Prefect of the Seine was warmly appreciated by his English visitors.

General Pelissier's despatches, announcing the success of the allies, were posted in every street in Paris on Sunday last, and attracted groups of spectators.

On the same day the Lord Mayor of London and other members of the municipality, dressed in their robes of office, were received in one of the state halls of the Tuilleries. His Majesty the Emperor addressed them in English, thanked them again for the reception they had given him in London, and asked them if they were pleased with their recent sojourn in the French capital. After some further conversation they took leave of the Emperor, and withdrew.

The "Assemblée Nationale," which passes for a rigid Catholic journal, has an article pronouncing strongly against the condemnation of Cechetti, in Tuscany, for reading the Bible. While the Jesuitical "Univers" justifies the sentence by the observation, that it is legal, according to the law of Tuscany, the "Assemblée" stigmatizes all such laws as relics of the dark ages. Liberty of conscience, it declares, has been too dearly bought by three centuries of ardent struggles to be now made light of. But while frankly professing these principles, the "Assemblée" very fairly remarks that intolerance is not confined to Catholic nations, as many who proclaim against Tuscany appear to suppose. It was only last year that, by virtue of a law enacted in the year 1656, a whole family in Protestant Sweden was banished and deprived of civil rights for having embraced the Roman Catholic religion. "What," cries the "Débats," "the priests of Rome would not only deprive us of all external liberty, but even of the right of thinking," and alluding to the efforts which had been made to coerce Cechetti to receive the rites of the Church, it boldly affirms that the Italians, because they are forced to obey, are for the greatest part falling into downright Atheism. They no longer resist ceremonial which they oppose utter disbelief, and about which they are too indifferent to incur inconvenience. The "Assemblée Nationale," while blaming persecution, throws out, by way of apology for the Florentine Government, that Mazzini's agents assume the mask of Protestantism to cover their designs. But it has been proved that Cechetti was a man of irreproachable conduct, and not engaged in political proceedings of any kind.

The "Leader" says, the Lord Mayor went about Paris in such a demonstrative fashion as to lead the natives to suspect his sanity. On Wednesday afternoon he was on the Boulevards with six footmen hanging behind his coach, full robes, and the sword-bearer in the fur-cap. Beads were freely offered at the Café de Paris that he was a new Turkish ambassador.

SPAIN.

The Carlist insurrection referred to in our last has, for the present, been suppressed. A number of Carlists have been killed, and the routed remnants have given themselves up in great numbers. General Gurrea's despatch informs us that the faction of Lower Aragon is completely destroyed. The Queen's troops have not lost a man.

The decree concerning the National Militia has produced greater results than its framers and propounders expected. Five ministers have resigned—three of them, at least, being heartily glad of a decent pretext to quit a thankless office. The principal articles of the decree were, suspension of forced enrolment in the National Guard, the payment of direct taxes, and power given to the Government to exclude from the Militia persons considered untrustworthy. Its object was, as stated by Espartero, to elevate the character of the National Guard and purify it. In the drawing up of the measure, the Government, it appears, had acted in profound ignorance of the feelings of the militia and municipality of Madrid.

It appears that in the council of Ministers it being announced to Espartero that the commandants of the National Guard refused to withdraw their resignations, he declared that he would go to the Congress, take upon himself the responsibility of the measure for which a vote of censure upon Santa Cruz had been proposed, and that he would then proceed to Aranjuez, give in his resignation, and not return to Madrid. He, however, yielded to the entreaties of Señor Santa Cruz and other Ministers not to abandon the Queen and the country. After some discussion, Major declared his opinion that the most patriotic course to adopt was for the Ministers to resign, leaving Generals Espartero and O'Donnell to re-form the Cabinet. This was agreed to. Before going to Aranjuez, Espartero sent a communication to the President of the Cortes, requesting him to suspend the session until the Ministerial crisis should be over. When the Cortes assembled, this communication was read, but the Chamber decided that the Duke de la Victoria's request should not be granted. Whether or not Espartero will resign in consequence of this rebuff, is not at present known. The telegraph refuses to transmit information of the exit of the five Ministers. No reason is assigned.

PORTUGAL.

A STEAM Company has been formed for the purpose of a regular communication between Lisbon and the Azores. The Company is to be assisted by a loan from the Cortes. The Electric Telegraph Company, through its chairman, Mr. Ricardo, have made a proposition to Government to make the Azores a station in the projected communication by telegraph to America.

Some little excitement had been caused at Funchal in consequence of the sentinel of her Majesty's sloop *Tenier* having shot a poor Portuguese boy dead, who was approaching the vessel to sell his commodities. An investigation was being made into the affair, and it was reported that the unfortunate affair originated in *mistake*, but how the "mistake" occurred had not transpired.

PRUSSIA.

JUNE 7th being the anniversary of the late King's death, the Royal Family repaired to Berlin from Potsdam at an early hour, and were present at a commemorative funeral service held in the new chapel of the Schloss at Berlin. The state of the King's health is such that his physicians for

bade his entering the temple, in which are the well-known marble statues of the late King and Queen, and he was, therefore, compelled to remain behind in the Palace, while the rest of the family performed their filial devotions, a duty which the King has never before failed to do. His complaint appears to be tertian ague, but the return of the fever seems not to be in all cases regular. The statement that has been so long and perseveringly circulated, that while on his travels the King would have an interview with his Imperial nephew of Russia on the sly, is in a fair way of vanishing at last; as is another also, that the Empress of Russia is about to visit Berlin or some part of Germany. The information is now put forward officially, that the Empress not only will not come, but never had any intention of coming, it being contrary to Imperial Russian etiquette that the Dowager Empress, should travel during the year of mourning.

From Memel we have the news that the authorities have already taken steps to ward off the dreaded Rinderpest or cattle plague, which for a long time past has been committing fearful ravages among the flocks and herds in Russia. They have just issued a proclamation prohibiting the importation from Russia of horned cattle, sheep, etc. All persons likely to have personal contact with infected cattle are also prohibited from entering the Prussian territories.

AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA's continued negotiations with Prussia and the Germanic Confederation, upon the actual position of affairs, are "dragging their slow length along." All parties have apparently made up their minds to content themselves with the *status quo*, and to keep an eye on windward for the next political shift of wind.

The "Esterreichische Zeitung" has the following pithy article:—

"The fear that Austria will lean towards Prussia at the expense of breaking the engagements into which she has entered with the Western Powers, is altogether unfounded and idle. In the treaties which Austria has made, she advanced no further than to that boundary line which her own interests and those of Germany defined, and a sound and honourable policy will never allow her to withdraw herself from it. Prussia and the other German states will most probably continue to maintain their expectant position, with little or no variation, acting the same part as heretofore. Austria may look for a speedy diminution of the burthen which the prospect of almost immediate war laid upon her, and in general the localising of the struggle for the current year will have a favourable effect upon European commerce. The Conferences at all events have served one object, that of throwing light on the politics of individual states, of clearing away much uncertainty, and, finally, of laying a basis for that future union, which must, at one time or other, take place. All parties have endeavoured to set forth the work achieved by the Conferences as both idle and vain; yet, that which is not completed is not destroyed, but may serve as a foundation for future negotiations."

POLAND.

It is stated that a large proportion of the Russian army in Poland has received orders to proceed southward, and the Grenadiers are already on their march to Bessarabia. These troops are intended to replace the losses sustained by the Russians in the Crimea. Several camps are to be established in Bessarabia. The corps which are leaving Poland are to be replaced by fresh troops and the second levy of Cossacks. Although the state of Poland has not undergone any legal change, the ordinary severity of the laws is much relaxed, and people are allowed to talk a little more freely. The greatest tranquillity reigns throughout the country. The measure of freeing the Jews from military service is attributed to Prince Paskiewitch.

SARDINIA.

The following describes the first participation of the Italian troops in the Crimean campaign, and bears date Kadikoi, May 15:—"My column," says the commander-in-chief of the expeditionary corps, "reinforced by two English batteries, one regiment of Lancers, and one of mounted Chasseurs, six hundred strong, and placed under my orders, took the right in the order of march. At break of day we arrived at the high ground of Kamara.

"My troops met with no resistance. The Russian outposts fell back before us, and some of their infantry battalions on the right bank of the Tehernaya retreated gradually, as, after crossing the stream, I advanced with the English light cavalry, for the purpose of reconnoitring the roads that lead to the strongest Russian positions, and to the valley of Bairdar.

"About noon I recrossed the Tehernaya, and occupied with my two brigades the good positions of Kamara. We overlooked the torrent, and we held a height very near some Russian positions on my right, being the position most in advance of those taken up to-day. My troops, though not yet with their full complement, are within reach of the enemy."

UNITED STATES.

The New York papers contain a letter addressed to the President by Mr. Perry, Chargé d'Affaires at Madrid, in reply to the charges of Mr. Soule, late American Ambassador to Spain, wherein he retorts the charge of being a spy and traitor. This letter will, no doubt, provoke a rejoinder.

Several persons, who had been committed to gaol on the charge of enlisting recruits within the United States, for the purpose of serving in the war in the Crimea, were examined before the United States Commissioners' Court. The result was an adjournment. Three persons had also been examined in the same court, charged with fitting out a brig at the port of New York for the purpose of the African slave trade. This case was also adjourned on the parties finding bail to a large amount.

Proceedings had been commenced against infringers of the prohibitory liquor law.

AUSTRALIA.

NOTES OF A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

WHEN we landed in Melbourne, situations were not to be had readily—I mean suitable ones. Having procured proper digging apparel, we started (our fourth day on shore) for the gold fields, having for "mates" two countrymen and fellow-passengers. We had indeed commenced roughing it with a vengeance. Imagine, if you can, Ned and myself attired in blue Guernseys, "wide-awakes," moleskin trousers, and diggers' belts, each of us with a pack of from thirty to forty pounds, strapped excruciatingly tight, a pair of pistols under our blouse, loaded and capped ready for immediate use, tin mugs suspended from our belts, a pair of Wellington boots in reserve dangling round our necks, a loaf of bread in one hand, and a green bough in the other to keep off the flies—imagine us thus transmogrified, marching under a broiling sun, half dead from heat, exhausted by thirst, and stretching out at the rate of five miles an hour, that we might get to water before sunset—realise this, and you have the initiation of half the new climes into colonial life. I will tell you in a few words the result. After three months' hard work, and harder living, we found ourselves considerably out of pocket. Our departure had been rather premature, our funds being too low to give them a fair trial. As regards the work itself, it agreed with us wonderfully well. I am afraid my daguerreotype portrait would give you but a very faint idea of my appearance after coming from the diggings. We were thoroughly snuburnt—in a manner which your Irish luminary never could have effected—stronger than we ever felt in our lives before—able to work down a "claim" with any Tipperary labourer that ever handled a pick and shovel, and competent to stow away mutton and damper in quantities that none but genuine diggers are entitled to consume. Our life was a very primitive one indeed—up at five—breakfast, cooked by one of the party at six, consisting of mutton-chops that had been "all alive, oh!" fifteen minutes before—"damper" and tea boiled in a pot, sweetened with black sugar, and stirred with a stick. Then go to work, taking a "billy" of tea with us, as the water is not safe drinking. There are generally two men to one "claim," who take it turn about to work—half an hour each time—stripped of all but the inner vest and trousers—a small sharp "pick" in the hand, and with anything like moderately soft soil a man can manage to go down six feet in a day, forming a circular hole of three feet in diameter.

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

We went from the diggings direct to Melbourne, having about six pounds between us. For a long time we dodged about, getting odd jobs. At last

I made a bold push, had an interview with the Governor—obtained the promise of a *cadetship* in the mounted police; waited on the Chief Commissioner of Police a few days afterwards, and by dexterous management got my appointment. Now comes another starting point. Here I was a cadet in the mounted police—or "Troopers" as they are called here—with ten shillings a day—horse, accoutrements, and board and lodging found. The mounted police of Victoria number about seven hundred men—officers, cadets, and troopers. There were about sixty-five cadets when I joined. The uniform is somewhat similar to the undress of the 17th Lancers—blue with white facings. Officers wear the undress frock of the cavalry. The cadets are dressed similar to the troopers, but have a finer cloth, and the addition of silver lace shoulder-knots, and a band of the same material round the cap. The arms of the troopers are sword, carbine, and pistols—officers and cadets, sword and pistol alone. The discipline is very good indeed, considering the circumstances under which the force was organised, which may be attributed to the large number of military men in its ranks. The rules and regulations are very strict.

ACTIVE SERVICE.

I was fortunate enough to be a witness to some of the most stirring scenes that have occurred in the colony while I was in the cadets. I was one of the party that captured a notorious rascal here, called "Capt. Ross," and his gang. I have mounted guard over, and have had several interesting *tête-à-têtes* with the celebrated "Black Douglas"—a very clever fellow, but a most truculent scoundrel. I was the first person by an hour on the scene of the escort robbery, and a very pretty sample of a skirmish it was, I can assure you—dead horses, wounded men, broken and bloody arms, forming quite a miniature battle-field. The attack was made by the robbers with wonderful skill, coolness, and perfect success. An ambuscade—what we call here a "mi-mi"—formed of the branches of trees, having been erected, which afforded the ruffians complete concealment, the first notice the unfortunate troopers had of their neighbourhood was a murderous volley, which knocked all over except the sergeant and the officer in charge, who were very glad to beat a quick retreat—not, however, before both their horses were wounded. The robbers secured the gold, amounting in value to several thousand pounds, and made themselves scarce as quick as possible—an extensive and dense "scrub" close to the scene of attack rendering pursuit hopeless. For eight days and nights we scoured the country in all directions, in most fearful weather—swimming rivers and creeks, giving chase to every horseman who appeared in view, and searching and interrogating every person we met; but all in vain—the rascals escaped just then. Had we come up with them we would have spared the Attorney-General some trouble—every one being determined on giving them "short shrift and a speedy death." For the last eight months that I was in the force I was in charge of a station on the River Goulburn, the second largest river in Victoria. Here I became initiated into all the manners and customs of "Bush" life—learned to handle a stock-whip, sit a "huck-jumper," ride in a "mob" of cattle, "jabber" with the natives, and other accomplishments of a similar kind. Here, too, I suffered very severely from the "eye-blight."

NEW ZEALAND AS A HOME FOR EMIGRANTS.

A YOUNG gentleman who left Preston about four years ago, and has spent about twelve months in Australia and three years in New Zealand, during which period he has had often to "rough" it in both countries, thus writes home from Wanganni, in New Zealand, to a friend, as to the prospects of persons going to settle at the antipodes:—

"In reference to your request for information on colonial matters, it is my duty to state to you that the business you are now learning (printing) is not likely to be profitable here. Carpenters, joiners, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, millwrights, *et hoc genus omne*, invariably do well; but as these (i.e., the southern) are much subject to earthquakes, I do not think that masons or bricklayers would succeed so well. This remark will not apply to the north, as no shocks are felt there, and substantial edifices are erected. Blacksmiths and labourers of all kinds are much wanted all over the islands. The former trade ensures a rapid fortune to the steady man. Sawyers are at once the most improvident, dissolute, and best paid men in the country. Their time is about equally divided—one period of six months they work, another they are occupied in drinking. Needlomen are much wanted in a double capacity: in the first and most important as wives, in the second as dressmakers, &c. All young men should marry before emigrating. Many who come out here form matrimonial connections with the natives. My partner is a native, and though faultless in form, her complexion is not more fair than black—in plain language, she is a lady of colour, the exact shade approaching nearer to a polished brown paper or mahogany than anything else I can remember. She cannot speak English, and is much addicted to what you would call smoking, but what she elegantly terms *kai tupeka*—Anglice, food tobacco. Her hair hangs in negligent gracefulness, and is of a beautiful and brilliant black. Her eyes are brown, her person tall and erect, and her carriage faultless and as dignified as that of any European. From one ear is suspended a shark's tooth, and the other is embellished with a bit of coloured worsted. Her feet were never tortured by shoes, nor concealed by stockings; they are as free as when nature formed them. She swims to perfection, can manage a canoe in a sea that would appal a London waterman, and is such an adept in catching fish that Izak Walton would have shrunk in competition with her. I have been induced to make these remarks, as they will apply to the whole native race. European women are very scarce."

OUR ARTIST'S NOTES BY THE WAY.

WE this week give a couple of sketches made by our Artist *en route*, and as there is some smartness, and a good deal of interesting matter in the letter which accompanied them, we have printed it at length. It should be understood, however, that this letter was written without the slightest idea of its being published:—

Constantinople, May 7, 1855.

HERE one is at last at the city of the Sultan, the garden of Europe *par excellence*. As to its being a garden, I certainly don't see that it merits the name, unless the growth of dirt entitles it to it; and there's plenty of that, although all the time I have been here it has been quite dry and scorching sunny. What it is in wet weather is more than I can imagine; but I suspect that my jack-boots would be found very serviceable. I arrived here on Saturday by the *Carmel*, on board of which steamer I was transferred at Malta. I think my last letter was from Messina, so I will proceed to give you an account of my doings since leaving that place. At Malta, as I have just said, I took the steamer *Carmel*, a very fine vessel, with first-rate accommodation, and by far the best of the three I have been in—the cabin splendidly furnished with sofas, looking-glasses, a piano, a library of books, &c., to pass away the long hours of those who had nothing to do, which was not exactly my case, for there was a regiment of the *Gendarmerie* of the Imperial Guard on board, which furnished me endless subjects for sketches, some of which I enclose. We stopped at several places, where I made other sketches, besides some I rattled off in the towns we landed at for an hour or two; so that I have sent you altogether quite a budget of them. Some you will find rather slight, but it must be remembered that they were done in a slight time, of which I had to make the best use. There were several English officers on board, very pleasant company, besides the officers of the regiment of the *Garde Imperiale*, and the Turkish Ambassador from Paris and his suite, some of whom spoke English, so that altogether there was no lack of agreeable society.

The first place we stopped at was Syra, one of the islands of the Archipelago, a place very beautifully situated, but, like most of these towns, very dirty. However, we took a ramble over it, and had a bath. Here one obtained a first sight of the Greek costume; and a very peculiar one it is; and although well known by prints of it, is still very different when you come to see it. The men wear the universal short jacket and light caps of blue cloth, with trousers—the longest part hanging between the legs, and almost dragging on the ground. The women are rather more respectable in their appearance, but most of those I have seen here are far from the beauties that one expected to discover in the Grecian maiden. From Syra we sailed on through several of the islands, all looking very charming from the sea, to Mitylene; and from there we went to Smyrna, said to be the cleanest of the batch. I must confess, however, that I did not see much difference between them; not that I

cared an atom for the dirt, where the natural scenery was so charming, and where even the houses, although they are so old and rickety, add so much to the picturesqueness of the scene. I went on shore with Major —, the Queen's messenger, and he kindly took me over the hospital, having first of all obtained permission of the Governor, with whom we took luncheon. I made a sketch of one of the best wards, and while so engaged, listened to some long yarns spun by several of the soldiers of Alma, most of whom say they would not again undergo what they have already suffered for sum nameless. I afterwards took a sketch of the exterior of the hospital and one of the Lazaretto or temporary hospital, and then went into the town to make some purchases. The Major bought a carpet, some odds and ends in the way of slippers, tobacco pouches, &c., all very elaborately embroidered with gold, and all of which were, in course, the genuine thing, but which you could, I suspect, buy quite as cheap in London, and equally genuine, if you knew how to go about it. We then returned on board, and had a delightful steam from the Mediterranean to the Dardanelles.

The nights are amazingly serene—"all serene," in fact. Every night after dinner, everybody, self included, took their weed on their *narghile*. The latter is composed of a long stick with a clay bowl at one end, and an amber mouthpiece at the other. Very *nobby* kind of smoking this, and it has the advantage over other pipes, that you can, by taking the mouthpiece and bowl off, and inserting a ferrule at the end, convert it into a capital walking-stick. Everybody indulged in this luxury, and parambulated the upper deck. I listened to the chanting of the French soldiers, who congregated on the lower deck, and sang from the time it got too dark to play *lotto* or *pique* until they rolled themselves up in their blankets, put on their nightcaps, and went to bed, which bed is any spot on deck that takes their fancy: generally they lie in rows along the side of the vessel, so that on coming up on deck after tea, before retiring for the night, when one looked down on them lying there with the moon shining full on their faces, the sight, to say the least of it, was a very peculiar one. They take great delight in singing, and acquit themselves very well. Their part songs are capital, and their comic songs seem very comic, judging from the laughter that they cause. The gesticulations of one of these comic singers were something extraordinary. They seemed to get plenty to eat and drink, although the eating is not of the first class. It generally consisted of haricot beans, some *bouillon* or soup, and a lump of the meat that the soup is made from, which they take in their fist on a large piece of bread, and chew to their hearts' content. Each man is provided with a knife, fork, spoon, and a tin bottle, with a cup of the same material, which they always carry at their side.

The next place we stopped at was Gallipoli. Here we halted for an hour or two; so I took a ramble round the town, which was the first Turkish town that I had seen. Its principal features were precisely the same as those of the Grecian towns I had already visited,—that is, miserable pipe shops, innumerable smokers, and horrible cobble stones. I have cut out one pair of boots already with them. I soon surfeited of these various attractions, and bent my steps to the French cemetery outside the town, where I made a sketch of the monument lately erected over the grave of Michel Ney; then took a stroll through a Turkish burial-ground, which presented a strange appearance, the tombstones being of such singular shape, and in such great numbers, very white and backed up by tall black cypress trees. The small ruined mosques or chapels which are dotted about these places, add very much to their picturesqueness—the women who frequent them are constantly dressed, the very poorest even, in wrappers of the most brilliant colours, such as pink, light green, azure blue, and so on, their faces all covered up in white veils, merely showing their eyes, so that these bright objects dotted about positively sparkle in the sun-cape.

After leaving Gallipoli, we steamed right on into the Bosphorus, and one fine morning on waking up I found that we were at anchor in the harbour of Constantinople. A grand salute was fired from several of the ships at anchor here in honour of the ambassador, with whom we here took leave. He is a very agreeable man, has resigned his ambassadorial office, and is now on his way to assume the governorship of Canaria. This being the case, I thought that a portrait of him for the "Illustrated Times" might be interesting; and while on board he gave me a special audience in his state cabin for the purpose of my making a sketch. I succeeded very much to his satisfaction, and in the evening he invited me to a champagne supper,—this, by the way, was after he had won some thousand francs or so at *lansquenet*, of several of the officers on board. He was especially fortunate, as this game is entirely one of chance. I am sorry to say that gambling is carried on to a great extent on board these steamers. The captain, too, joined in. One poor devil, a lieutenant in the French army, was entirely cleaned out, and told me he had only enough left to buy a few cigars for use during his sojourn at Constantinople.

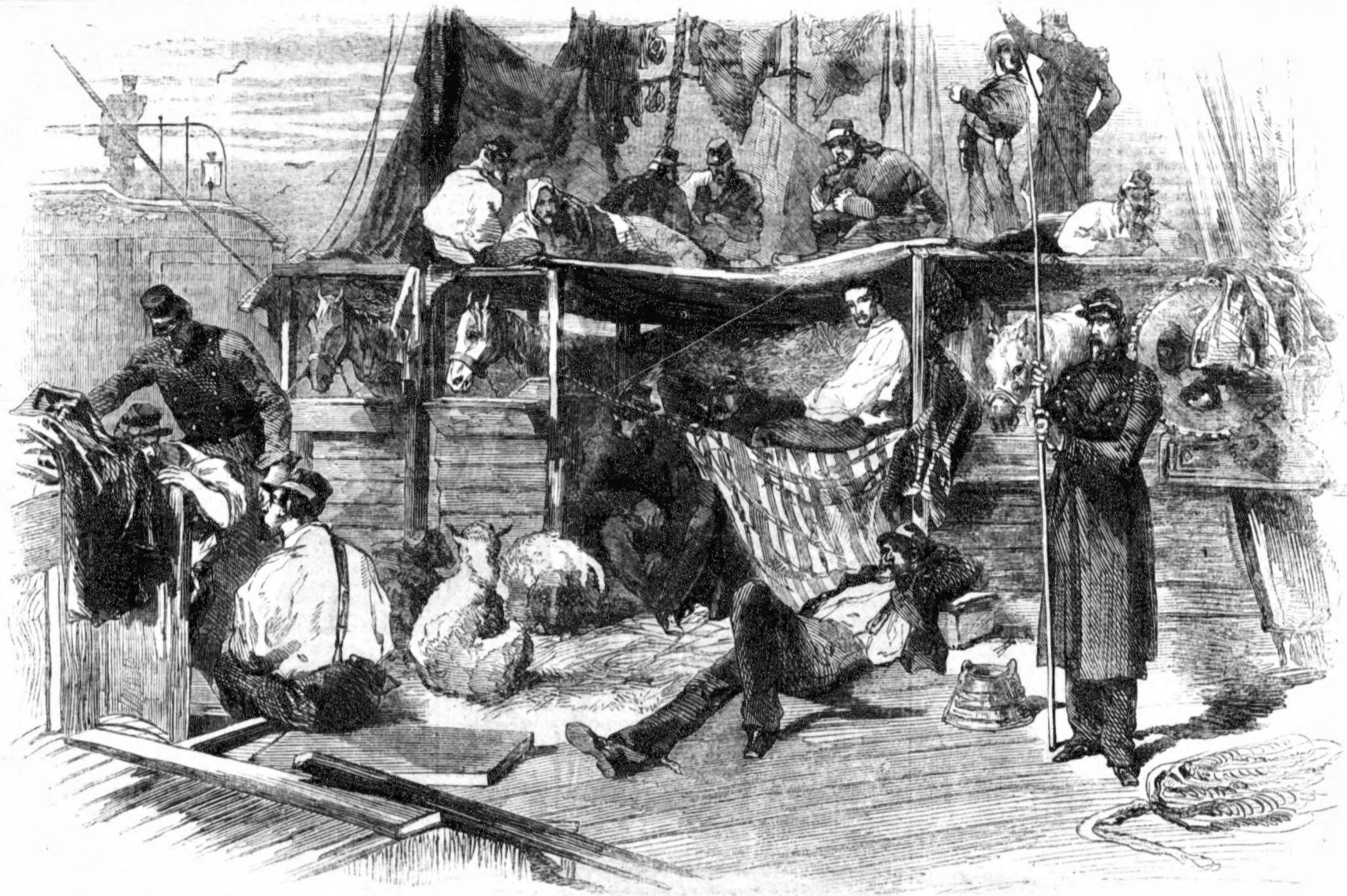
It was on Saturday that we arrived at Constantinople. I went ashore with some English military men, officers of the Turkish Contingent. We hired a batch of the porters of the place, who are perfect wonders in respect of the weights they carry. One of them took my trunk, which I can hardly move, my iron bedstead, and two more trunks of the same size as mine, all on his back at once, and walked half a mile up a steep hill, without stopping to rest even. The manner of carrying burdens here is very peculiar: instead of placing the knot on their heads, as our porters do, they put it on like a lady's bustle,—something like that, I believe, if all one has heard in reference to this article of feminine attire is correct; they then put the luggage on this, and walk doubled up with their heads on a level with their waist. They conducted us to the Hotel d'Europe, which has turned out very satisfactory, and moreover very cheap, considering the immense price that everything is out here, and hotel accommodation especially.

I went this morning to a Turkish bath, a genuine one, where I was soaped in water, first hot, then cold, put in a vapour bath until I was as limp as a yard of tape, taken out, scraped, kneaded, and pinched within an inch of my life, scrubbed with hard brushes until I was the colour of pickled cabbage, every bone of my body put out of joint and then put back again, was wrapped up in blankets, turbaned, laid on a couch among a circle of Mahometans, who were all smoking away as if for their very life. I then had a narghile and a cup of coffee, then dressed, and issued forth another man.

I have visited the bazaars, and most extraordinary places they are, very much as I have seen them in pictures; but I was not at all prepared for the labyrinths of avenues I encountered. These are about the cheapest places to make purchases that you can go to, only you must always offer about half of what is demanded of you, and perhaps you won't get much of a bargain even then. The shawls and carpets, and embroidered goods, are very beautiful. The bazaars are not so splendidly decorated as I had expected; on the contrary, the roofs are a mass of wooden plannings, in some places not at all ornamented, and dreadfully dirty, with perhaps a bit of dirty light streaming through some circular holes or trellis work in the ceiling.

The Constantinople pavement is positively dreadful—I hope the commissioners of the paving board are duly bastinadoed, as they richly deserve to be. The stones are not even the regular cobble stones which they favour you with in continental towns, but a collection of irregular rocks. The larger clumps, I am told, are used by the experienced traveller on a rainy day as stepping stones, to avoid the mud, which is ankle deep in most parts. As to an even paved street, I don't know what it is,—at least I have almost forgotten, for you get nothing here but up hill and down, so that when you return from a walk, what with the intense heat, the dust, the horrible sinews, and your aching feet, you are fit for nothing else but to lie on your bed and gasp.

I paid a visit to Scutari on Saturday morning. I was just too late to see M. Soyer or Miss Nightingale, as they had both gone to the Crimea only the evening before, to form a kitchen and hospital there. I saw the head man of the cooking departments at Scutari, and told him that I had a letter to M. Soyer, and that I had come to sketch the hospital, &c., so he conducted me round the wards, but I saw nothing at all interesting to sketch, except, perhaps, some of the soldiers. The place is now distressingly clean. This gentleman gave me some of the soup to taste,—capital stuff, made of barley, &c. I made a rough sketch of M. Soyer's new kitchen; also a view of the hospital from the back, which has not been already done, and which is much prettier, although not so imposing a view, as the front. We (myself and a Captain —) had a very nice row across the Bosphorus in one of the "Caïques" or



FRENCH SOLDIERS ON BOARD THE "CARMEL."

native boats. You have to lie full length on cushions in them. This Captain has a command in the —— division, and he has promised to take me with him into the trenches on my arrival at Balaclava; but he says I must stop there four and twenty hours, so that it will not be such a desirable excursion after all.

The cholera is raging here, numbers die every day, and it is a great wonder that it is not always so. It has left me in a fix, for my washerwoman has died of it. On asking the *Maitre d'hôtel* for my things last night, he told me that I should not be able to have them in consequence.

I shall, therefore, be obliged to start for Balaclava with the comforting thought that I have not one clean shirt to put on my back. To-morrow, if I have time, I think I shall visit the Valley of Sweet Waters. This is a place that every one who visits Constantinople goes to; it is a ride by post of five or six miles. On Sunday I went to the Sultan's palace, and heard the band play. The music is most peculiar; a number of men have cymbals—a nondescript instrument with numberless bells—which they hit and turn round. Some of the troops are strong-looking fellows, but the greater part are small and awkward. The music is very characteristic,

consisting of a great amount of clashing and noise, dove-tailed one into the other with due precision. I had a long hunt to-day to discover where my passport had been deposited. At each place you take ship, they demand your passport from you, and on leaving, it is deposited in the hands of the police, so that when you want it, you have to tear about these horrible streets in search of it, and then it has to be *rised* somewhere or other, which is sure to be at an entirely different part of the town. The best part of the day has been taken up by this kind of work, and I am sorry to say that I have not done with it yet.



FRENCH SOLDIERS PLAYING AT LOTO AND PIQUET.

WOUNDED SAILORS FROM SEBASTOPOL.

The scene of the above picture is laid in the grounds attached to Haslar Hospital, where many a brave fellow wounded in the East is now sojourning, and patiently awaiting better health. It is a characteristic group. The two sailors and the marine who are listening to their comrade's reading have the steady sobriety of attention which distinguishes the nautical mind when it conceives it is being "improved;" for, however hilarious in his convivial hour, Jack is immensely serious when he does set about it. Indeed, he holds literature in something like the superstitious veneration which it inspired centuries ago; and when one sailor is reading, you may always observe a faithful attention on the part of the other sailors who listen, such as would do credit to a more cultivated body. These men received their wounds—the youngest in the "trenches," the others in the action of Sebastopol last October. One feature of the present campaign has been the excellent way in which the seamen of the fleet have done shore work. The energy, the liveliness, the audacity of the Naval Brigade, have been the themes of constant admiration. We remember an old naval joke to the effect that a certain captain capered the upper deck guns about the deck, and made the marines march backwards and forwards over them, to train them for marching on "rough ground!" But what would that captain have thought had he lived to see—not marines, but seamen—serving in the trenches before a besieged town? A nautico-military ardour has within the last few years often seized naval potentates, and induced them to land the seamen, and drill them at places like Malta, and elsewhere. This need—at Malta particularly—to give rise to much merriment, particularly if the naval gentleman, who galloped about as adjutant, happened to be "split" in front of his men, before a lively southern population. But the truth is, that seamen set very well on shore, as has been recently satisfactorily proved. They do their work with a liveliness, a gusto, an *abandon*, which make it an amusement, while it is perfectly effective as a piece of service. It is an eternal quality of the sailor, that he is ready to "turn his hand" to anything. A passage on this subject may be quoted from a recent naval writer:

"The naval life, as a general rule, eminently develops the individual. There is more freedom in it than in other professions. A ship, when part of a squadron, still has her own life as a ship; a lieutenant, though obedient to the captain, has his own free command in charge of his watch; a midshipman, in charge of his boat, and so on. The system, still speaking generally, breeds free men. Thus it is that a sailor turns his hand so readily to employment of all kinds, even the most remote from seamanship. Collingwood could do the work of a carpenter, or a sail-maker, or a boatswain, as well as that of an admiral. The common sailor washes his own clothes, and can mend or even make them. An officer, if required, can do the work of a common sailor. There is a free discipline, in fact, drawing out the qualities of the individual in half-a-dozen directions."

No doubt, this flexibility of character is very important, and to it we must attribute the successful employment of our seamen on shore, so much, during the present war.

By this time the men before us have reached the stage, when the inmates of our naval hospitals lounge about the grounds, and dawdle away the time, with what cheerfulness and contentedness they can muster; slowly strengthening from day to day, and looking forward to being discharged well, according to their various destinations. Many establishments now show such groups as the above, from Haslar at Portsmouth to the stately and palatial building which you see on your left, as you enter Malta Harbour

(where, in the pleasant garden, with its geraniums and almond trees, our "convalescent" tars are now basking in the Mediterranean sun, and laying snares for lizards, or looking out from its heights on the warm and blue sea), from Malta to Smyrna, lying away in its deep gulf surrounded by noble palms.

The youth in the background, who has thus early experienced the severer part of war, seems a "mizen-topman" or "fore-topman;" one of those who do the lighter and smarter work aloft. In his palmy days, we dare say, he was a dandy, for among these aforesaid "fore-topmen" in particular, the "swells" of the lower deck are generally found—youths given to curls and ear-rings, and who tattoo themselves with novel and picturesque devices, and the names

of their sweethearts. The sturdy seaman to his right is obviously an old hand, experienced and sagacious, and an authority at the mess-table on the political object of the war, whenever that to Jack very minor aspect of the matter comes up for consideration. The man who reads occupies a place between the two. He might be "captain of a top," for example—a functionary of no little importance afloat, who at "reefing topsails" goes to the end of the yard, and performs the most important part of the operation. The fourth is a steady, powerful-looking man, a Greek, and we will wager it, has a strong pull in him when he is set to at the fore or main brace, most of which heavy pulling falls to the share of the marines when work is going on, and the best of the "blue-jackets" are aloft.

Our naval hospitals are, of course, managed according to a fixed system of discipline, like all similar establishments. There are private rooms for superior officers, private wards for midshipmen, besides the regular wards for the men, each in its own part of the building. There are stated "rounds" made by surgeons, assistant-surgeons, &c., and permanent regulations about diet, meal times, lights, and the rest of it. Our friends in the engraving are past the worst time, and now their great object, no doubt, is to amuse themselves during the long hours which necessarily pass without employment. Their advance from one stage of diet to another constitutes a little epoch: the daily "porter," so necessary to recruit a British constitution, forms an era in the day. Pipes, we believe, are permitted in the grounds, though grog is probably but a memory. However, rest after recovery from pain, and a lounge in the sun after imprisonment in bed, are real luxuries. Add draughts, and some simpler games, and chat, and "yarns," and an occasional visit from the chaplain (to whom Jack listens with infinite gravity), and you can fancy the hours roll away somehow. The sailor is not easily "bored," though, now-a-days, even tailors' apprentices affect to be languid and bored, but stands quiet nearly as well as he stands action. Let us wish our group well through their recovery, and a safe arrival either at their work again or their pensions!

THE HEALTH OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.—The admirers of this heroic and devoted lady, will hear with satisfaction that the fever has left her after a fortnight, and though much weakened, she is progressing favourably towards recovery. She is in a hut on the Genoese heights, 800 feet above the sea, in a beautiful situation, with a fine air.

SEIZURE OF A SUSPICIOUS SHIP.—A large foreign barque, of 304 tons burthen, called the *Nina*, which has been some time in the port of Ipswich, under Austrian colours, was seized on Wednesday, by authority of the Admiralty, on suspicion of being Russian property. She brought a cargo of linseed from the Black Sea, consigned to a firm in Ipswich. The *Nina* was built at Sunderland, and was purchased while at Odessa by her present owner, alleged to be an Austrian. She sailed under Russian colours until September, 1853, the date of her present papers.

At that period she assumed the Austrian flag, under which she remained until her seizure. She is now in the hands of the authorities, and will so remain until her true character has been thoroughly investigated.

A SHARP LOOK-OUT.—The Czar has turned his cabinet, at the Winter Palace, into a kind of observatory, from which, by the aid of a telescope, he can see Cronstadt, the fortifications, and a part of the Lysy Nas.

A POLITICAL PROPHETY.—Mr. Henry Drummond, in the recent debate on the war, predicted that whatever might be the fortunes of the conflict in detail, the inevitable result would be to destroy Mahometanism, and to leave the French masters of Constantinople.



WOUNDED TARS FROM BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—(PHOTOGRAPHED AT HASLAR HOSPITAL, BY MAYALL.)

The War.

THE EXPEDITION TO KERTCH.

[From our Crimean Correspondent.]

Off Genitchi Strait, Sea of Azoff, May 29, 1855.

I WRITE to you in great haste, as the vessel is just about to be despatched. I cannot at present, for want of time, give you an account of the great Kertch expedition in detail, but shall tell you, as briefly as I can, what the flying squadron, under command of Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*, son of Admiral Lyons, the Commander-in-Chief, has been doing in the Sea of Azoff.

The whole of the defences of Kertch having been blown up and abandoned by the Russians, before we could reach it, we, the light steamer and gunboats, triumphantly entered the Sea of Azoff, on Friday, the 25th, and then commenced the work of destruction. The *Arrow*, I think it was, captured the first prize. She (the *Arrow*) had been ordered to go after the *Splif*, to recall her to the Adipiral, when she observed a vessel under all plain sail coming towards her. The *Arrow*, however, asked permission to chase, which was granted; and as the chase was, as I have already stated, coming towards her, she soon, of course, overtook it. This was the first prize taken in the Sea of Azoff. On the following day, probably not fewer than a hundred sail of merchant vessels were captured and burnt by the various steamers forming the squadron. The *Snake* alone, I am informed, burnt fourteen. On Saturday night the fleets anchored off Berdiansk. This is a very pretty town; some of the buildings being very handsome indeed, but totally undefended. The wrecks of three steamers upon the beach, seemed to have been driven on shore by stress of weather. About nine o'clock on the following morning, the landing place was covered with the inhabitants bearing flags of truce, and evoking the sympathy of their enemies, who had now begun to pull to the shore in armed boats—colours flying. The boats' crews set fire to several small vessels, some of them in the course of construction, and also set fire to a very fine large building in the centre of the town; it being a public building. No private property, except the vessels burnt, was injured. Here, the whole of the people taken in the vessel burnt at sea on the day previous, were crowded into one of their own vessels, and permitted, with a small boat belonging to it, to pull themselves ashore. Poor creatures! it was truly a heart-rending spectacle to see them.

In the afternoon the fleet weighed and stood for Arabat, which we reached on the following morning, Monday. At this place there is a fort mounting 12 or 14 guns. At twenty minutes past seven o'clock a.m. the squadrons anchored off this port, and opened fire upon it with shot and shell, but at such a great distance, that only those fired from the Lancaster guns, in the gunboats, reached it. The enemy's shot of course fell equally short of the shipping. At length the *Medina* and a French steamer, tired or disgusted with this long-range practice, got up their anchors and went within range. The firing from both of these vessels was remarkably good. The *Medina* got a shot in her bows, which did her no material damage. After the rest of the squadron had thrown large shot and shell into the sea and on the beach occasionally, for an hour and a half, the *Miranda* made a signal "to discontinue the engagement."

We then proceeded to Genitchi Strait, from whence I am now writing to you, while shot and shell are being fired from the whole of the English squadron (there is not a Frenchman present to witness it, thank goodness!) at a village composed of mud huts, in which there does not seem to be even a solitary musket to defend the place. There is one respectable-looking whitewashed house on the rising ground above the mud huts composing the village, and the dome of a wooden church near to it, at which two objects her Majesty's gunboats have been directing a fire of Lancaster shell for the last two hours and a half, but with the most signal want of success, as up to this moment neither of them have been hit. What is the meaning of all this bombardment on a place which has not a single gun, or, as I said before, apparently a musket, to defend itself with, I cannot imagine. A number of boats left the ships this morning for the shore, and they have also been keeping up, for two hours, a continuous fire of shot and shell and rockets upon the shipping in the harbour, although without any apparent effect. The boats have at last ventured into the harbour, to set fire, by match, to the shipping. They are about it now, and the vessels are beginning to smoke, but the bombardment still continues upon the mud huts, and upon the whitewashed house and upon the wooden church. But up to this moment, not so much as a musket or pistol has been fired upon our brave fellows, by the poor defenceless inhabitants, and still the signal is flying from the *Miranda* to continue the engagement. Truly the people of England will have no reason to complain of the leniency of the Azovian fleet.

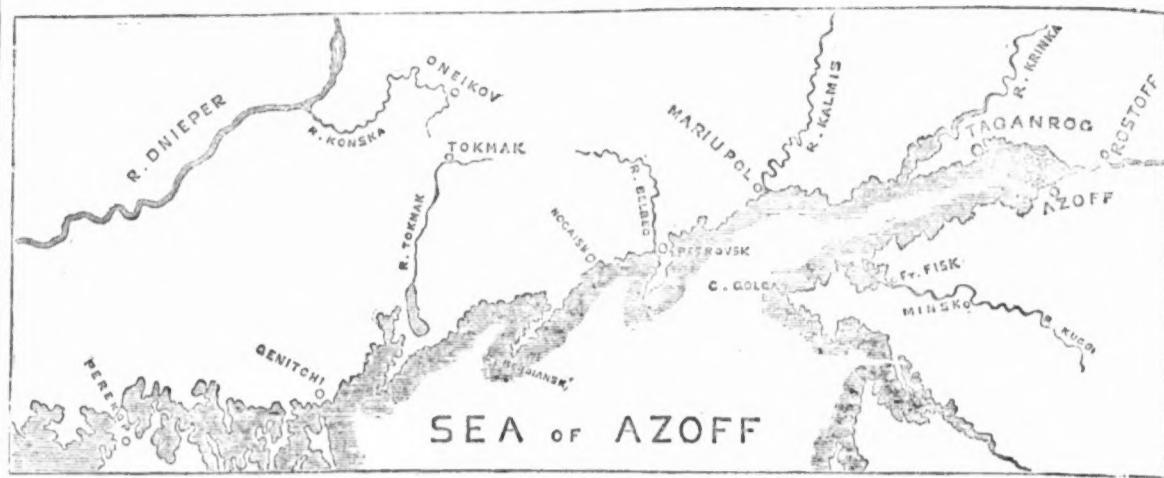
I must conclude, as the vessel is about to close. The boats have returned, and the shipping is in a blaze; none of our gallant fellows have so much as seen a single Russian, but the bombardment is still going on: it commenced at half-past nine, and it is now one o'clock.

LANDING AT AMBALAKI.

ALL the troops, whose services were required, were landed at Ambalaki before dusk, and bivouacked on the ridge about it. Each of the men landed with two days' provisions, and some of them carried their tents. A small body of Russian cavalry made a reconnaissance of them, from a distance, before nightfall, but did not interfere with their proceedings, and the men set about enjoying themselves in the neighbourhood as they best could. The French, however, had nearly all the fun to themselves; and our men grumbled audibly against the precautions taken to secure everything for the French and Turks. The bulk of the inhabitants had fled, but a few Tartars gave themselves up, and received protection. The enemy did not show in our neighbourhood; and it was reported that all their troops had abandoned both Kertch and Yenikale, and marched towards the interior. Our cavalry pickets and videttes were not disturbed till morning, nor could they see anything of the enemy, who had evidently been greatly disheartened, and had retreated with much precipitation. As there was nothing to be done at sea, the ships being brought to anchor far south of the scene of action with the gunboats, which still continued, it was resolved to land at the nearest spot, which was about one mile and a half or two miles from Pavlovskaya Battery. A row of half a mile brought us from our anchorage, where the ship lay in three fathoms, to a beautiful shelving beach, which was exposed, however, only for a few yards, as the rich sward grew close to the brink of the tideless sea. The water at the shore, unaffected by the current, was clear, and it was evident that it abounded in fish.

A FORAY.

The land rose abruptly, at the distance of 200 yards from the beach, to a ridge parallel to the line of the sea about 100 feet in height, and the interval between the shore and the ridge was dotted with houses, in patches here and there, through which the French were running riot, breaking in doors, pursuing hens, smashing windows—in fact, "plundering," in which they were assisted by all of our men who could get away. Towards the Salt Lake some large houses were already in flames, and storehouses were blazing fiercely in the last throes of fire. On the ridge above us the figures of the French and English soldiers, moving about against the horizon, stood sharply out, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. The High-landers, in little parties, sought about for water, or took a stray peep after a "bit keepsake" in the houses on their way to the wells, but the French were always before them, and great was the grumbling at the comparative licence allowed to our allies. The houses were clean outside and whitewashed neatly, and provided with small well-glazed windows, which were barely adequate, however, to light up the two rooms of which each dwelling consisted, but the heavy sour smell inside was most oppressive and disagreeable; it seemed to proceed from the bags of black bread and vessels of oil which were found in every cabin. Each dwelling had outhouses, stables for cattle, pens, bakeries, and rude agricultural implements outside. The furniture was all smashed to pieces; the hens and ducks, captives to the bow and spear of the Gaul, were cackling and quacking piteously as they were carried off in bundles from their homes



by Zouaves and Chasseurs. Every house we entered was ransacked, and every cupboard had a pair of red breeches sticking out of it, and a blue coat inside of it. Vessels of stinking oil, bags of sour bread, casks of flour or ham, wretched clothing, old boots, beds ripped up for treasure, the hideous pictures of saints on paneling or paper which adorn every cottage, with lamps suspended before them, were lying on the floors. Droles dressed themselves in faded pieces of caico dresses or aged finery lying hid in old drawers, and danced about the gardens.

THE DESERTED DISTRICT.

One house, which had been occupied as a guardhouse, and was marked on a board over the door "No. 7 Kardone," was a scene of especial confusion. Its inmates had evidently fled in great disorder, for their greatcoats and uniform jackets still lay on the floors, and bags of the black bread filled every corner, as well as an incredible quantity of old boots. A French soldier, who, in his indignation at not finding anything of value, had with great wrath devastated the scanty and nasty-looking furniture, was informing his comrades outside of the atrocities which had been committed, and added, with the most amusing air of virtue in the world, "Ah, Messieurs, Messieurs! ces brigands, ils ont volé tout!" Notwithstanding the great richness of the land, little had been done by man to avail himself of its productiveness. Such quantities of weeds or productions of such inexorable ferocity towards pantaloons, or such eccentric flowers of huge dimensions, as the ground outside these cottages bore, are rarely to be seen. The inhabitants were evidently graziers rather than agriculturists. Around every house were piles of a substance like peat, which is made, we were informed, from the dung of cattle, and is used as fuel. The cattle, however, had been all driven away. Poultry and ducks were captured in abundance, and a party of Chasseurs, who had taken a huge wild-looking boar, were in high delight at their fortune, and soon despatched and cut him up into junks with their swords. There were some thirty or forty houses scattered about the ridge, but all were pretty much alike. The small was equally disagreeable in all, in spite of whitewash, and we were glad to return from a place which a soldier of the 7th said, "A Glasgæ beggar wadna tak a gift o'?"

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE 21ST AND 22ND.

THE FRENCH SPRINGING MINES.

A FEW nights before the 21st the French sprang two or three small mines, not only for the purpose of injuring the Flagstaff, but to aid in the formation of a new parallel, which was intended to take part of the battery in flank. The mines were perfectly successful, and on the night following this explosion the French proceeded to construct this flank work. To the progress of the latter, however, the enemy offered the most determined resistance. During the day a Russian general had been engaged in reconnoitring the spot where the mines were sprung, and he had doubtless not only seen the nature of the intended work, but the important consequences which were likely to result from its completion. Accordingly, when the French working parties came during the night they were assailed on all sides by rifle shots and heavy volleys of grape and shell, which made all their attempts to persevere in vain. After working with considerable loss for about an hour, they were compelled to abandon the attempt.

But while the French were thus compelled to desist, the enemy were doubly busy. Under the protection of their guns an immense working party descended in front of the Flagstaff Battery, and continued working all night, and indeed until the daylight of the following morning was well advanced. On the night of the 21st, the French working parties, strongly supported, made another attempt to continue their parallel, but with the same result as on the previous occasion.

DETERMINATION OF OUR ALLIES.

Two or three times in the course of the same night the French repeated their efforts, but were always compelled to retire. During the whole of this time the enemy's "fatigues" never slackened for an instant, and by the morning of yesterday, the 22nd, they had entirely completed a new advanced trench, which, at a distance of only twenty yards, crossed at right angles the intended new French parallel, the further progress of which was by this manoeuvre completely hindered. The formation of this trench was instantly reported to General Pelissier, who came and inspected it himself, when a close survey discovered that not only had the cross trench itself been completed, but that two flanking covering trenches, placed so as completely to enfilade the most advanced one, had likewise been thrown up, though apparently they seemed incomplete, and barely fit for service. The result of the reconnaissance of the whole position was, that it was considered of such importance to the progress of the siege works of our allies, and soon likely to become of such strength, that not a moment was to be lost in capturing it at any cost. Yesterday evening, at nine o'clock, was fixed upon for the attempt; 500 Chasseurs, 200 of the Imperial Guard, with about 1,200 Zouaves, were told off as the assaulting party, with a reserve of 2,500 men of the Guard and Zouaves.

Everything was arranged with the utmost secrecy, only the night, which was fine, clear, and calm, seemed slightly against the success of the attack, at least, as a surprise.

THE PLAN OF ATTACK.

The force quitted the French trenches in two strong columns, about 200 yards apart. The plan of the attack was to enter the trench at its two angles, so as not only to secure the advanced trench itself, but to enfilade and command the flanking ways which led to it. Unfortunately, the plan does not appear to have been well carried out. From ignorance of the ground, which was still further disfigured by the springing of the mines, one column went too much to the left, while that on the right mistook its way altogether, and did not come into action until some time after the left column had been deeply in want of its assistance. The attacking party on the left proceeded some distance without seeing any indications of the advanced trench. A halt was called, and doubts were expressed as to having deviated from their proper track. In the midst of the conversation which this led to, the Russians appear to have completed all their defensive preparations, and now from the trench on the left, fired a tremendous volley into the French. At this attack, the doubts of the latter were instantly solved; and, mistaking the flanking trench on the left for the advanced trench, they commenced their attack on it, striving to close with the bayonet; but the natural difficulties of the ground with which our allies had to contend were almost insurmountable. Broken masses of stones, pits, mounds, gabions, and fascines, cumbered the earth in all directions. Amidst these obstructions, the French Guards and Zouaves got involved for a considerable time, exposed to a murderous fire from the enemy, which

they were almost entirely unable to return. Our allies fell in all directions, yet still gallantly pressing on, they reached the breastwork.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS.

At this point a series of most desperate encounters took place. Four or five times the French crossed the breastwork and got a strong footing in the trench, but the heavy file fire which, from under cover of the different breastworks, the Russians were able to keep up, prevented their retaining their conquest. To add still further to their disadvantages, the Russian batteries had now got their precise range, and threw regular volleys of grape and shell into their ranks. Nevertheless, the assailants did not abandon the attack, but, despatching messengers for reinforcements, continued their onset with determined courage. Suddenly, in the midst of the *melée*, the column which had departed to the right, attracted by the firing, now returned, and joining with the reserve column of upwards of 2,000 men, which had advanced to support the attack, poured in upon the advanced trench. Had this onset been made with the left column, an hour or so sooner, there is no doubt it would have been completely successful; but as it was, the continued fighting had thoroughly alarmed the enemy, and strong columns of their troops lined every part of the work. Nevertheless, the attack was so impetuous that the French succeeded, after a close and bloody contest, in getting a footing in several parts of the trench, and then commenced a fight for its possession such as has not, for ferocity and bloodshed, been equalled during the siege. By mere dint of bayoneting and stabbing, the French managed to clear the advanced trench of the enemy and effect a junction with the left column, which had maintained a footing in one of the covering trenches. From the latter point, however, they were compelled to retire. The two covering trenches remained in the hands of the enemy, but the advanced cross trench the French held completely. The hand to hand struggle then ceased. The French strove to throw up a breastwork, so as to cover them from the fire of the enemy. In this they were unsuccessful. From every point of the Russian batteries commanding the trench a fire of artillery was poured upon them with such density and effect that whole companies were swept away before it. Still they held their ground, though under the fire of the batteries they fell by scores. Strong parties of the enemy occupied the covering trenches, and from their position were enabled to enfilade the advanced trench with a murderous fire of infantry. It was a mere slaughter of the French. Twice driven to desperation with the cross fire from the trenches, they saluted out and attempted to carry them at the point of the bayonet, but these mere ebullitions of valour were of no avail against the strong works and well-organised resistance of the enemy. In both cases the French were driven back with loss, and retired to the cross trench, where they still continued to melt away under the devastating fire of artillery and musketry. It was close on dawn when a message was sent to the French general, informing him that nearly half the column had fallen in the attempt to hold the place; that it was a mere useless waste of life, as by daylight it would be utterly untenable. The answer was returned, that they were to gather their dead and wounded, and retire. They thus accordingly did at about four in the morning, after having maintained the sanguinary and unequal contest for more than six hours, and lost, it is said, the awful number of 1,300 men, killed, wounded, and missing. The affair has cast rather a gloom over the French. No less than 31 of their officers are said to be killed or wounded. It is reported that General Pelissier said that if it cost 10,000 men, the place must be taken. Another attempt accordingly will be made this evening.

SUCCESS OF THE FRENCH.

As was anticipated, the French made another attack upon the advanced trench on the night of the 23rd, which was completely successful. This time the plan was better arranged—under the immediate care of General Pelissier himself, who informed the troops that if they failed then they must attack again at daybreak, and continue to attack until the trench was in their possession.

Three columns—each 3,000 strong—were chosen for the assault, and started just as dusk was commencing—two slightly in advance, for the capture of the covering trenches on each side, and the centre column for the cross trench itself. In spite of all the vigilance of the enemy, the right and left columns closed with the covering trenches before they were discovered, and instantly attacked them. For a moment the Russians seemed bent on an obstinate resistance, but the attack at such an early hour of the evening (a little after eight) evidently took them by surprise; and after a short struggle both trenches were captured, the enemy flying in all directions. Numbers of them were shot and bayoneted on the spot. Almost at the same time the centre column attacked the cross trench; but here the enemy being prepared, and in greater force, a desperate contest took place, and it was not until after about twenty minutes' hard fighting that the French were enabled to get possession of it. As its defenders retired, they were completely decimated by the cross fire to which they were exposed from the French in the covering trenches.

The instant that possession was obtained, half the troops were set to work to remove the gabions and breastwork from one side of the trench to the other, so as to shelter the assailants from the fire of the batteries, while the remainder, formed into two strong columns, advanced to attack the Russian soldiers who had been driven from the position, and who were halted at a short distance in the rear, evidently waiting for reinforcements to attempt a re-capture. Upon these the French rapidly advanced, and the Russians, though inferior in numbers, did not decline the contest. As our allies came on, the enemy deployed and received them with a smart fire, to which the French never returned a shot until within pistol range, when they, too, deployed, and, firing one heavy volley, charged with the bayonet. The Russians fell into confusion, and, as I am informed, after shouting for a few minutes, threw away their arms and fled, the great mass of them keeping to the right in the direction of the cemetery, which lies outside the town, on the left of the Redan.

THE RUSSIANS PUT TO FLIGHT.

The French, who were now thoroughly roused, and bent on revenge, followed them closely, and bayoneted the fugitives by dozens. No quarter was asked or given. In this manner our allies pursued them for nearly half a mile, till both Russians and French arrived at a deep trench and breastwork on the left of the Redan, beneath the Garden Battery. Into this the flying enemy scrambled, and the French after them. A strong force of Russians seemed to hold this trench, but they appeared perfectly panic-stricken by the flight of their comrades, and, after discharging their muskets in an irregular fusillade, fled with the rest, leaving the French in undisturbed possession of the second trench. At this point the commander of the French columns wisely called a halt. They had already

penetrated into the enemy's lines further than any of the allies had been before, and to continue the advance with such a small force, and without support, would have been mere madness. As it was, they might have great difficulty in effecting their retreat. A hasty examination was made of the trench, and one of the soldiers, who had advanced further than the rest up the parallel on the right, came running back and reported that there was a new battery there. The whole force instantly advanced in the direction indicated, and truly enough found that in a large obtuse angle of the breastwork a new battery had been formed, and was totally abandoned. It mounted some eight or ten heavy long guns, four mortars, and a number of cohorns. Not a moment was lost in turning the discovery to account. Half the force was instantly formed out in columns, with out-pickets to give notice of the approach of the enemy, who were now momentarily expected, and keep them, if possible, in check till the destruction of the battery was completed. The rest of the troops, piling their arms, commenced the work of destruction. The long guns were instantly spiked and overturned, the trunions of the guns knocked off, and the spokes of the carriage wheels chopped to pieces.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED ON BOTH SIDES.

In the whole affair of the 23rd, about 400 French were killed and wounded; the total loss of the Russians is supposed to be from 1,000 to 1,500 killed and wounded, the greater part of whom were killed, as no quarter was given. Nearly 200 Russian bodies remain in the neighbourhood of the captured trenches. The French are deservedly proud of the capture and destruction of the battery. It is decidedly one of the most brilliant affairs of the siege.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY—SCENERY.

Horsemen and foot-passengers from the heights of Sebastopol crowded the plain yesterday and to-day for a holiday at Whitsuntide. And surely nothing can be more acceptable at this season of the year than an extent of territory—and such territory—strewed with flowers, travelled over by delicious breezes, laden with odours, suggesting fresh ideas, offering fresh views, and holding out hopes of a speedy liberation from this crowded and fetid gulf on Sebastopol heights. The troops in the front are now again in possession of the road through the plain to Balaklava—an easy and pleasant road, from which they were shut out ever since the 25th of Oct. last. In short, everybody is pleased with everything, because everyone hopes that the time for action has at length arrived.

CASUALTIES IN THE TRENCHES—RUSSIAN RIFLEMEN.

We have had very few casualties in the trenches, and such as have occurred have happened principally from rifle balls. An instance occurred early in the morning of May 31, of the precision with which some of the Russian riflemen take their aim. Ensign Frederick Playne, of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, who was in the advanced work on Frenchman's-hill, had taken one shot at a Russian in a rifle pit, and was in the act of elevating his piece with the intention of firing a second. Before he could accomplish his object the Russian had seen him and fired, and with such accuracy that the ball lodged in the Ensign's arm, so that he was compelled to give up his rifle. The wound was not so severe, however, as to prevent him from walking up to camp.

SHARPSHOOTERS.

Orders have been given that a certain number of marksmen selected from the Rifle Brigade should be told off daily to act as sharpshooters in front of the advanced works, and that they should cease doing the ordinary duty of the trenches. The soldiers of the Rifle Brigade have, in a great measure, ceased to retain their distinctive character, and have taken their tour of duty in the trenches on the same footing with the other line regiments. When, at the commencement of the siege, sharpshooters were employed, they were furnished by a certain number of volunteers from each regiment encamped before the town, in common with the Rifle Brigade.

CHASSEURS A PIED.

The Chasseurs à Pied in the French service correspond with our Rifle Brigade; and, indeed, sprung in the first instance, and were made to assimilate in their dress and organisation, by Louis Philippe, under the name of Chasseurs d'Orléans, by imitation of our Rifle Brigade. Subsequently they were called, under the *régime* of the Republic, Chasseurs de Vincennes—a name they frequently retain in ordinary conversation, although it was converted by the present Emperor into Chasseurs à Pied, which more particularly defines their duty and constitution. But while in the French service the men for the Chasseurs à Pied are most carefully selected, and only received into the corps when possessing superior powers of endurance and physical activity, no such care and distinction is carried out in the English service.

SWINGING SCREENS.

The Russians have for some time resorted to the usual expedient in the Redan and elsewhere of placing swinging screens, or "mantlets," for the protection of the gunners against our Minies; but, in spite of these devices, our men, placed in favourable points, by watching and taking advantage of favourable opportunities, can keep greatly under control the fire of the guns. Some mantlets have lately been applied to several of our foremost batteries.

CAPTAIN OWEN.

Captain Owen, of the Royal Engineers, who suffered amputation of the thigh about a month since, in consequence of a severe injury from a rifle-ball, has left camp to proceed to England. Before coming out he had been appointed and was acting as secretary of the British committee for the Paris Exhibition, and he voluntarily gave up his post to join his corps before Sebastopol. He has been much liked by every one of his comrades and by the Sappers, the latter of whom volunteered to carry him from camp to Balaklava, to prevent the jolting of a wheeled vehicle. This was accomplished, the men being in three relays, and he arrived at the port without any fatigue from the journey.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale has also left, still very debilitated and suffering. A few days before her departure she had a relapse of fever, which seriously interrupted her progress toward convalescence. Lord Ward placed his yacht at her disposal.

CHOLERA—DEATH OF ADMIRAL BOXER'S NEPHEW.

Although the cholera has nearly disappeared among the troops encamped before Sebastopol, it has increased among the forces at Balaklava, and several fatal cases have daily occurred among the regiments of the Guards quartered in that neighbourhood. A nephew of Admiral Boxer, a young man, and acting as his secretary, was attacked at an early hour in the morning, and died at 1 p.m. of the same day. He had been quite well, and actively engaged the day before in assisting to arrest a fire which had broken out in one of the vessels in the harbour. Captain King, of the 32nd Regiment, who had seen considerable service in India, has also died from cholera, after a short illness. He was staying with a brother in the Artillery near Balaklava. He came as a volunteer, and brought high testimonials to introduce him to the notice of the Commander of the Forces. The weather has continued dry and fine, but the heat is very oppressive, more especially in the plain.

THE WEATHER—HEALTH OF THE ARMY.

The weather is most favourable to the carrying on of military operations. The late heats are now tempered by cooling breezes, and on Sunday we had as violent a thunder-storm and as heavy a rain as the lovers of green forage and good water can desire. The nights are cool and tranquil—the season of violent gales appears to be over. Few ever doubted the final taking of Sebastopol; but now even the most sceptical are gaining confidence.

Sickness decreased as the heat moderated. The allied armies may safely be pronounced to be extremely healthy, and a change of air and the excitement of active operations are likely to keep them so.

SARDINIAN STRICTNESS.

The Sardinians, who are extremely strict, and who, strangers yet to the various uniforms of the armies, are full of suspicion, stopped and almost arrested a couple of Guards officers, who on Saturday last rode up to examine the new position. This morning they arrested two navvies who had been found strolling near the Sardinian lines. Our new allies were positive these navvies must be Russian spies. Picture the indignation of the men in red jackets and linen trousers at those foreigners mistaking them for "Roossians" and spies. "They be Roossians! No, not they—they'd

scorn the faction." In spite of their protests, they were marched to Lord Raglan's headquarters, and handed over to our military authorities, who, of course, set them free. On the other hand, I should not wonder if the very admirable uniform of the Sardinian line regiments did not lead to awkward mistakes—at a distance they are so much like the Russians!

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

CONFIRMATION OF THE TAKING OF THE MAMELON.

The following despatch is from General Pelissier, to the Minister of War, and bears date June 7:—

"At 6.30 our signals for assault were given, and one hour afterwards our eagles floated over the *Mamelon Vert*, and over the two redoubts of Careening Bay. The artillery of the enemy fell into our hands.

"We are said to have taken 400 prisoners.

"Our legions occupy the conquered works.

"On their side our allies, with their usual resolution, carried the works in the quarries, and established themselves there.

"All the troops showed the most admirable devotion and intrepidity."

This despatch is also confirmed from Vienna, to which the following is added, and bears date June 10:—

"Baron Hess went to Galicia last night.

"The Emperor goes to inspect the 3rd and 4th divisions of the army on Tuesday morning next.

"Generals Craufurd and Léthang remain here.

"A reduction of the army is expected.

"As the position of the Russians is now seriously menaced, Prince Gortschakoff will accept battle in the field."

WORKS CLOSE TO THE MALAKHOFF TOWER TAKEN.

Vienna, Monday, June 11, 9 A.M. Two works close to the Malakoff Tower were taken on the 8th, with 63 guns.

The slaughter was fearful.

THE FALL OF ANAPA.

On June 12th, the intelligence reached the Admiralty that the Russians had evacuated Anapa, and were supposed to have crossed the Kouban.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Paris, Tuesday, June 12, 7.30 A.M. The "Moniteur" announces that the Minister of War has received the following despatches from General Pelissier, dated Crimea, June 9, 11 p.m.:—

The situation is the same as yesterday.

All the demonstrations of the enemy against the conquered works have been fruitless.

They have abandoned the so-called battery of the 2d of May; they have also completely abandoned to us the right shore of Careening Bay.

The vessels in port have sought refuge in Artillery Bay, where our large mortars can reach them.

We are watching them attentively.

Paris, Wednesday, June 12, 7.30 A.M. The following despatch has been sent by the Commander-in-Chief:—

June 10, 11.30 P.M.

The combat of the 7th of June was more advantageous for us than I had at first announced to you. It placed in our hands 502 prisoners (of which number 20 are officers), and 73 pieces of cannon.

We are consolidating ourselves in the new works. We have been able to fire with the Russian mortars on their ships, which have gone still further off.

We are preparing new batteries.

The fortress of Anapa was abandoned by its garrison on the 5th of June. It is now occupied by the Circassians.

Russian interests in that quarter are very seriously compromised.

The "Moniteur" publishes General d'Autemarre's report of the capture of Kertch and Yenikale.

LIST OF OFFICERS KILLED ON JUNE 7TH AND 8TH.

The following list of officers, killed on the 7th, and morning of 8th June, has been received at the War Department:—Captain Muller, 2nd battalion Royals; Lieutenant Laurence, 34th regiment; Lieutenant Stone, 55th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Shearman, Major Dickson, Captain Forster, and Lieutenant Machell, 62nd regiment; Major Bayley, Captain Corbet, and Captain Wray, 88th regiment; Lieutenant Lowrey, Royal Engineers.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

DANTZIC, June 8.—The *Bulldog* arrived here yesterday afternoon, with mails from the fleet, having made the passage from Cronstadt in 61 hours, in spite of the dense fog she encountered on the way. Although very unusual at this advanced season of the year, these fogs are still prevalent in the Baltic.

The whole of the fleet, consisting of 16 line-of-battle ships, (including three French), six frigates, and ten gun-boats, is anchored close up to Cronstadt, forming a perfect line across the bay from shore to shore.

With the view of checking more effectually the coasting trade, which has of late increased to a very large extent in the Gulf of Finland, an order was issued to the fleet, towards the end of last month, to burn or sink all coasting vessels captured within certain limits. In pursuance of this order the *Magicienne* lately intercepted and destroyed two of these traders, laden with large blocks of granite. From this circumstance it may be inferred that the Russians are still busily employed in erecting fortresses on some part of the coast, the exact locality of which has not, however, as yet been clearly ascertained. The general impression is that the new fortifications at Sweaborg, which we know the Russians commenced building during the winter months, are now being brought into a state of completion.

On Saturday last, Admiral Dundas embarked at noon on board the *Merlin* surveying steamer, and proceeded to reconnoitre Cronstadt. To guard against a surprise, they were attended on the expedition by the *Dragon* and the *Bulldog*. Although they went in quite close to the batteries, and remained there for nearly three hours, the Russians looked quietly on during the whole time, apparently with the most perfect indifference, and as all the ships in the harbour were dressed in colours, it is possible they were engaged in celebrating some high festival, or even perhaps doing honour to an Imperial visitor.

OFF CRONSTADT, JUNE 4.—We are now only six miles from Cronstadt, and have drawn a line of ships covering nearly 2½ miles in length, each ship being two cables' length apart. It is a beautiful sight; and nothing can pass in or out. About 1½ mile from us is the Tolboukin lighthouse, and the forts, as well as the fleet, are plainly visible from our deck. We have been twice within 3,000 yards of the place. Smallpox still in the ship. We have 60 to 70 cases, 6 officers. We have destroyed about twenty different coasting-vessels within the last three weeks. The different ships of the fleet have supplied themselves with wood from the wood vessels that were captured, and afterwards burnt them. The more valuable prizes taken by the *Magicienne*, in Borkasund, laden with flour, were supplied with prize crews from the fleet, and towed by the *Vulture* to Fero Sund.

LADY FRANKLIN is stated to be at last resigned to the belief that her brave husband is no more, and to have requested that a tablet, to be erected to the memory of Sir John, and his devoted companions of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, might be taken by the Kane expedition and erected on the White Cliff at Beechey Island, by the side of that commemorating the fate of Lieutenant Bellot, of the *Belcher* expedition. The tablet, bearing an inscription, is of white marble.

THE TONGUE OF ARABAT.

A DESERT, sixty miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width—a tongue of sand separating two seas—whose waters, in tempestuous weather, almost meet in the centre—such is the frail barrier that divides the Sea of Azof from the Putrid Sea. Geographers have given to this natural rampart the picturesque name of the Tongue of Arbat. It stretches out to the north towards Geniche, but it does not quite reach to this Tartar town, for a canal, about 100 yards wide, separates it, and allows a communication between the two seas. On this tongue of land, beaten by the winds, where you meet with no living creature but a few hungry sheep or goats, starving on the scanty pasture of the maritime vegetation of the spot, it will be scarcely credited, that there exist two post-houses, to enable the traveller to journey over this path of misery. A recent traveller narrates that, at the second station, he had to storm and rave for a long time before he could obtain a change of horses, for the post-master was in a complete state of drunkenness, and obstinately refused to assist him. On the traveller remonstrating him severely for his degraded condition, he answered, "I should like to see you in my place, enduring the monotony of such residence." In truth, the excuse was a good one, especially if there were added to the depression of this solitude the dangers arising from the fetid exhalations of that motionless lake which so richly deserves its name of the Putrid Sea. As its waters decrease, they leave upon the salt-impregnated mud of its banks long festoons of weed, which rot and infect the air around—air but seldom disturbed by the passing breeze. On the south side, this tongue of sand is commanded by a fortress, which is still defended by good walls and a deep and wide ditch. Outside of this place, ten or twelve houses, built upon an enormous desert of sand, form the village of Arbat. Inside the fort may be seen the remains of a mosque and of a public bath house, evidently constructed with much care and elegant detail. The other buildings, overthrown among the tall weeds, form hiding-places for numberless reptiles. Yet the date of this ruin mounts only to the last century. In 1768, the Prince Dolgorouki besieged the fort of Arbat and destroyed the garrison, and since that time no Mussulman has resided within its walls. Beneath that humid air, swept over by winds impregnated with poisonous vapours, these ruins seem to grow gray and old sooner than any others.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ZOUAVES.

THE corps of Zouaves, now so well known to the English public by their brilliant conduct, fighting side by side with our own troops in the Crimea, was originally formed in Algeria, soon after the annexation of that African region to the French monarchy in 1830. General (since Marshal) Clausewitz, in that year, determined to form a native African corps, similar to our Indian Sepoys.

The corps so formed consisted at first of only two battalions of Arabs, officered by Frenchmen, and they bore the name of the Berber confederation, *Zouaona*, as consisting at first entirely of Arabs of that tribe.

It eventually became an effective regiment, by the infusion of a few French soldiers into its ranks, and more and more French were gradually recruited for it, till the Arab element entirely disappeared, though the original name, and also the costume, were preserved. When the Zouave corps thus became entirely French, its place as a native corps in Algeria was filled by a new body under the denomination of *Tuacos*.

The Zouave corps was eventually extended to three regiments, the whole of which are now in the Crimea.

The Zouave corps has been, ever since its foundation, celebrated as a nursery of generals; some of the most remarkable officers in the French service having first served as Zouaves.

When the Grand Duke Constantine was in Africa, in 1846, and a "review" was got up in honour of his visit to one of the French military stations, it was the Zouave corps that struck him most. They were returning from a rough campaign, and, after some weeks of short rations, had marched six leagues on the morning of the review; and yet their activity was so remarkable, as well as their robust health, that the Russian Grand Duke thought them the most wonderful corps in the French army of Africa. He did not at that time imagine that eight years afterwards he would have an opportunity of testing their fighting qualities, as well as their appearance on parade. Their conduct before Sebastopol must, however, have satisfied him that he had formed a tolerably accurate estimate of their capacity as light infantry.

ANAPA.

ANAPA is a town with a mixed population of 2,000 inhabitants, consisting of Circassians, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Russians, and others. Its exports are grain, tallow, butter, hides, peltries, wax, &c.; but it is chiefly as a military post that it is prized by Russia. The fort, built by the Turks, in 1784, was taken by the Russians in 1791, and in 1807 only given up with the greatest reluctance. In May, 1828, Menschikoff, with a detached Russian corps, assisted by the fleet, surrounded the place. The garrison, consisting of 3,000 men, defended the fort for forty days, after which nothing remained but to surrender. At the conclusion of the war, Anapa was not restored; and, at the peace of Adrianople, it was ceded to Russia, with all the towns and forts, from the Kouban to Fort St. Nicholas. The name of this last fort will be remembered, having been taken by the Turks at the opening of last year's Asiatic campaign. Anapa, at the other extremity of the coast line, closes the list. At any other time the transfer of this military position from the Russians to the Circassians—the most vigorous and constant of their enemies—might have been deemed an event of considerable importance; but its evacuation at the present moment is peculiarly interesting, as a sign of the severe pressure under which the power of Russia is visibly collapsing.

THE British subject arrested at Hamburg on suspicion of being a recruiting agent has been released.

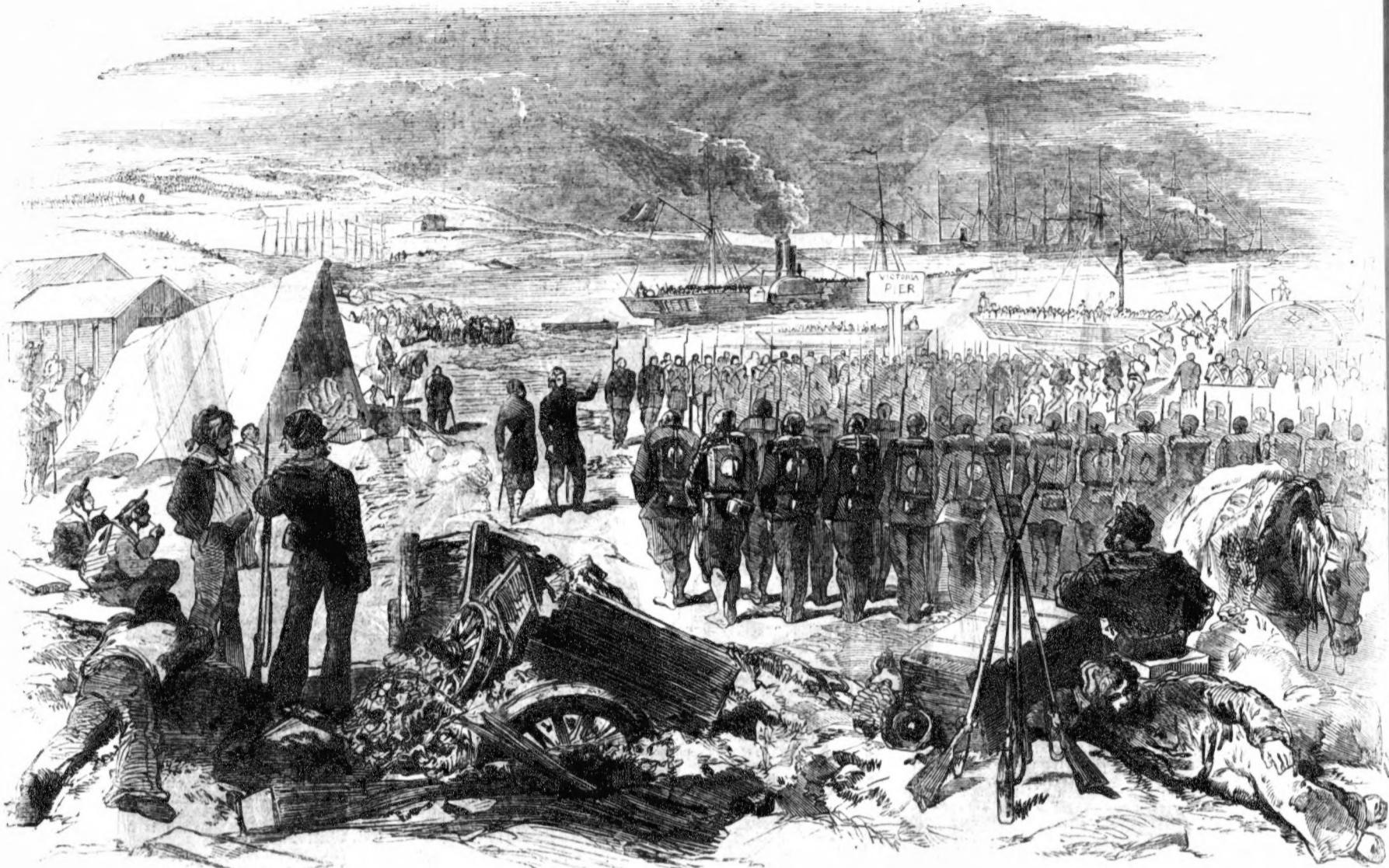
GRETNA GREEN.—A Dumfries paper states, that the celebrated marrying establishment, known as "Gretna Hall," is about to be closed to the public.

GOLD FINGER-RINGS.—A bill for excepting gold finger-rings from the Act of the last session, relating to the standard of gold and silver wares, has been prepared and brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Wilson and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

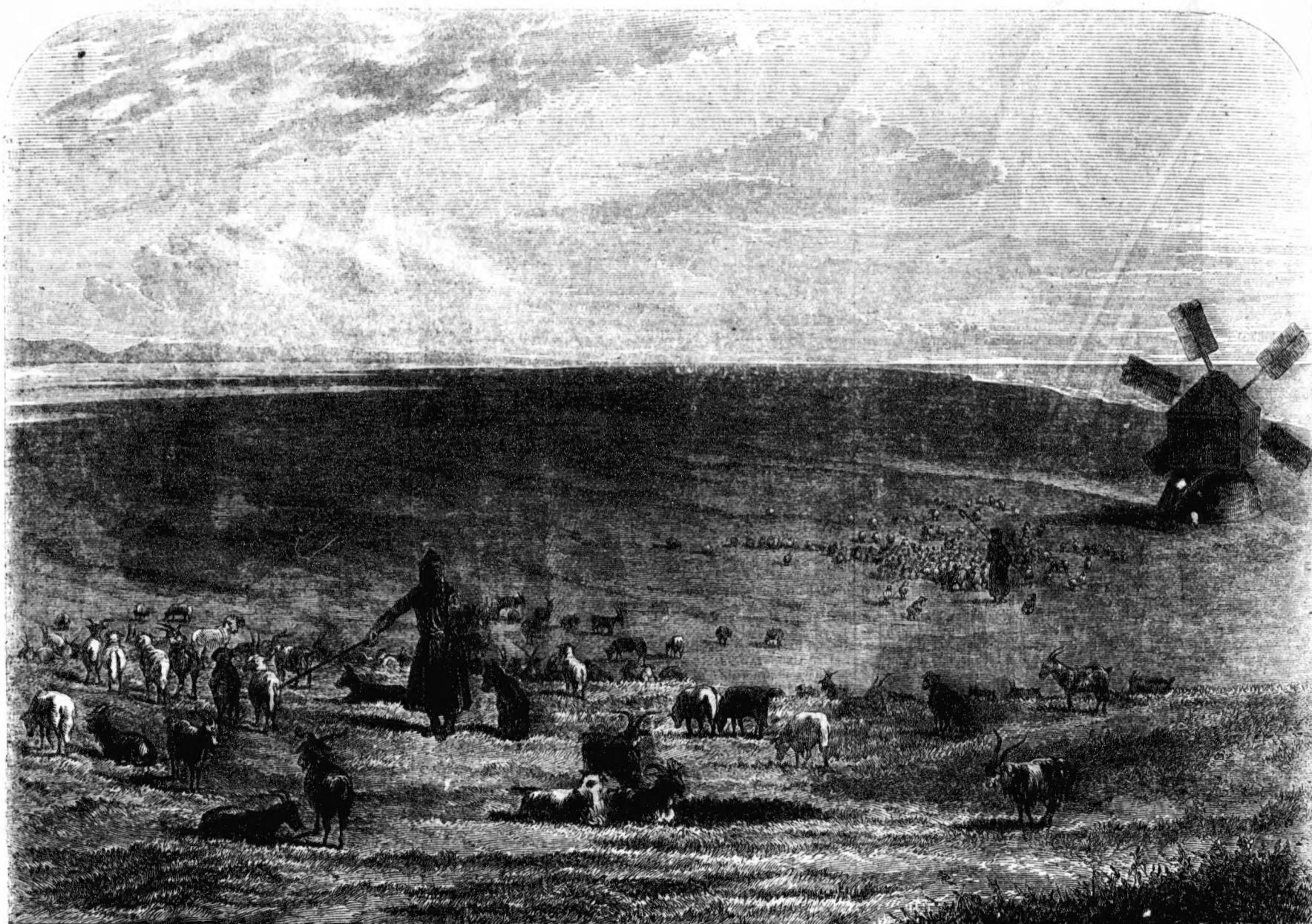
CLOSING OF OLD SMITHFIELD MARKET.—On Monday afternoon, after the termination of the day's business, notices were posted to the effect, that henceforth Smithfield would entirely cease to be a market for the sale of horses and cattle; but that the sale of hay and straw would be continued as usual.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—Lord Stanley has obtained leave to name a committee to inquire into the best mode of obtaining accurate agricultural statistics from all parts of the United Kingdom; a perfectly feasible object under proper machinery, and which is successfully carried out on the Continent, in America, and our colonies.

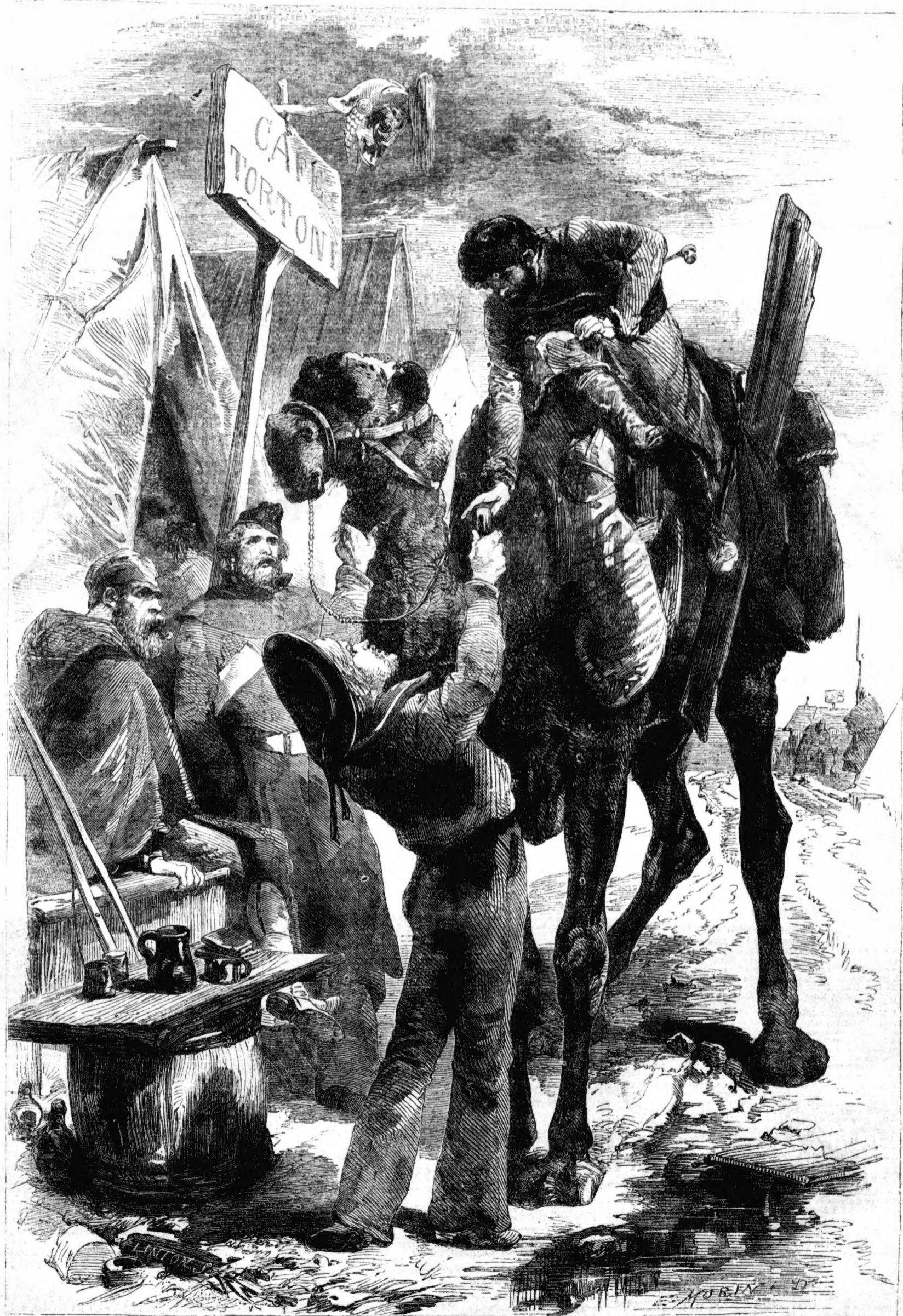
THE MOORS.—The first week in June is considered by sportsmen as the most critical to the young broods of grouse. Very heavy rains usually fall in the first days of June, and as the young birds are then running, though not able to fly, many of them are drowned in the moss-holes. This year nothing could be more favourable than the present showery weather, which, while supplying dry moors with the needful fluid for drink, is at the same time not injurious to the more low-lying and wet grounds. The snow which fell last month has not proved fatal, as was feared, to the nests then in process of incubation; and altogether, from extensive inquiries that have been made, there is every reason to expect a full average stock of grouse this season, and certainly above that of 1854. As to the health of the old birds, we have been unable to hear of any diseased birds hitherto; and, as people have a strong impression that the disease which so mysteriously thinned the moors of late years, arises from overstocking and consequent deficiency of food, there is every probability, that, after the ravages of last year, it may not appear again for some time. There are moors which were absolutely alive with grouse in 1853, and, as was expected, were nearly barren in 1854. Nature thus checks the over-preservation and undue increase of game, and the sportsman's best guide is to preserve moderately and shoot fairly.



ONAR PACHA HARANGUING THE TURKISH TROOPS ON THEIR DEPARTURE TO KERTCH FROM THE BAY OF KAZATCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTCH.



THE TONGUE OF ARABAT, SHOWING BOTH THE PUTRID SEA AND THE SEA OF AZOF.—(FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY RAFFET.)



JACK'S HOSPITALITY TO A TRAVELLING TARTAR AT BALACLAVA.

JACK'S HOSPITALITY.

In the Crimea, where our brave warriors have been subjected to so many privations, it is no uncommon sight to find them manifesting a liberality, not only towards those of their own nation, but towards all with whom they have come in contact on the battle-field. Among the many "sweet uses of adversity" must be classed those noble manifestations of liberality and catholicity which show that war, with all its horrors, does not necessarily make men selfish. On the contrary, if it does not engender, in many, noble human feelings towards their fellows, it certainly becomes the occasion for their exercise. We have in our engraving a slight instance of this.

The Tartar, who is on a journey, has his baggage, firewood, and various articles necessary to the existence of a Tartar, placed beside him. While his faithful dromedary has been trudging along with his burden, swinging about in a lateral direction, somewhat like the motion of a duck, the short and stumpy Tartar, with his round face, straight black hair, and slit eyes, has been enjoying his chibouque. In a half-sleepy, half-awake state, the dromedary carries him in front of the *Café Tortoni*, where there are an English sailor, English soldiers, and a Zouave lounging, smoking, and drinking grog. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the English sailor is his generosity. He is always ready, and liberally disposed, to share his enjoyments with whomsoever he may chance to meet. Somehow his isolation from his fellow-creatures, the privations to which he has been exposed, and the free, generous, roving nature peculiar to "Jack," seem to have preserved him from every taint of selfishness. We never yet met a man an English sailor who was not free, generous, and jovial. He is as willing to give as he is to receive. With a promptitude and a generosity characteristic of his class, "Jack" offers the Tartar a glass of grog to refresh him. The soldier—a Scotchman—looks on with interest, and tries to divine the peculiar physiognomy of the guest. He scarcely knows what to make of the pouting lips, the short and stunted nose, the puffy limbs, and short neck of the Tartar. His eyes are "the queerest things av'a." As we said, they are slit; but, in addition, the pupil is scarcely distinguishable from the dark iris, which, contrasted with the yellowish-white of the rest of the eye, produce, in our spectator, a rather disagreeable contrast. Respecting the identical helmet which hangs on the pole, a convalescent remarked, "Ah, foolish pride! it will be time enough to exhibit the *Russian* helmets when we have taken Sebastopol, and determined what we are to do with it. Taken? Oh, yes! but not before the English have lost many of their helmets. I only wish I were back again that I might repay them for what I have gotten!" The poor fellow was scarcely able to move one leg past the other, but his bravery was matter for admiration.

Imperial Parliament.

MONDAY, JUNE 11.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Petitions were presented against supporting education by means of a rate—in favour of a repeal of the grant to Maynooth; and the London Necropolis National Mansions Bill was read a second time, when

Lord DERRY called attention to the circumstances under which Mr. Roche had lately been elevated to the peerage of Ireland as Baron Fermoy.

Earl GRANVILLE having given some explanations, a legal argument touching the interpretation of the Act of Union was urged by Lord St. Leonards, and pursued by Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Campbell. Other Peers followed, and the subject was finally referred to be referred to a committee of privileges.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SWARING MEMBERS IN THE ABSENCE OF THE SPEAKER.
The SPEAKER (who appears to have quite recovered from his accident) took the chair in a morning sitting, and, after thanking the House for the kindness they had shown him during his absence, called the attention of members to the doubts that had arisen as to the validity of the forms gone through by Lord Haddo and Mr. Tite on taking their seats in the House. They had taken the oaths in presence of the Deputy-Speaker; the Act of Parliament required that they should be taken before the Speaker. He thought the House should take some steps to protect those Honourable Members from the consequences, if they had not taken the oaths according to law—a point on which he offered no opinion.

Sir GEORGE GREY believed the point was a very doubtful one, and he would suggest that a bill should immediately be brought in on the subject, and passed through Parliament as rapidly as possible.

Mr. Walpole, Mr. Fitzroy, and Sir W. Heathcote expressed their concurrence, and at the evening sitting a bill was brought in by Sir G. Grey, and read a first time.

METROPOLITAN LOCAL MANAGEMENT BILL.

The House went into committee on this bill, and continued discussing its various clauses during the remainder of the morning sitting.

On the House resuming at six o'clock,

Sir CHARLES WOOD laid on the table the despatches which Mr. Sidney Herbert read on Thursday night relating to the bombardment of Odessa, with extracts from Admiral Dundas's answers to them.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

Mr. ADDERLEY resumed the adjourned debate on Sir John Pakington's Education Bill. He replied to the arguments Mr. Henley had used against the bill, and especially condemned the assumption of that gentleman, that schools established on the system of this bill must necessarily be irreligious in their character. He did not attach much importance to the statistical dispute whether the number of children educated was one in eight or one in nine, but he thought no one could be acquainted with the condition of the poorer classes without knowing that there was a lamentable want of education. He admitted that the Continental system of education had failed in acting upon the morals of the people, but he traced the reason of this to the system of state patronage on which the continental schools were founded, and argued that no conclusion could be drawn on this against a system of local rating by which the people would pay for their own education. He was for rejecting Mr. M. Gibson's bill, but he believed that the bills of Sir John Pakington and Lord John Russell were identical in principle, and he believed that if both bills were sent to a select committee, a valuable measure might be compounded out of them. In conclusion, he urged upon the extreme parties on all sides to accept the compromise now offered them.

Mr. E. DENISON, understanding that it was the opinion of the House that the three bills should be referred to a committee, pointed out what he deemed a great omission, namely, the absence of a clause to enforce attendance at the schools.

Lord J. MANNERS opposed the bill on conscientious grounds, believing that it would interfere with the existing system of education, without remedying the defects and supplying the wants imputed to it. It would not, he contended, have any effect in compelling the attendance of children at school, though it was reported on the authority of Mr. Moseley, that of every hundred children in England, fifty-seven absented themselves from school for no assignable reason but the indifference of their parents. The bill, if passed, would not be found to work. English society was at present confounded from one end to the other on the subject of Church-rates, which had a prescription in their favour of more than a thousand years; and he could not believe that the people would patiently submit to this new education rate. He objected also to the machinery provided for in this bill, which seemed calculated to introduce endless confusion and religious bickering into all the parishes of England. In this respect, he said he preferred the Manchester bill to both the other two, as the simplest and most straightforward of the three; but he hoped the House would deal one vigorous blow, and reject them all.

Mr. W. J. FOX argued that the effect of this bill would be beneficial in removing the indifference on the part of the people towards education. When the people were rated for an object of which they were to have the control, they were sure to take a deeper interest in the question than they had done before. He supported the sending of all these bills to a select committee, on the ground that they had many features in common, and regretted that Mr. Adderley was in favour of excluding the Manchester scheme. He thought the time had now come when all parties in the country felt they must give up their extreme views on the question, to agree to some compromise, and to put an end to the present transitional condition of the question.

Sir J. PAKINGTON replied to the speech of Mr. Henley in the last debate upon this question—a speech, he said, which had created, and deserved to create, a very great impression upon the House and the country. Mr. Henley had omitted or evaded all the strongest points upon which he relied for making out his case. He had not addressed himself to either of the bills, but had boldly said that no change was required—that we were doing well as we were; and Lord J. Manners had that evening averred that the existing system had not failed. This was the proposition with which he proposed to grapple. He denied the assertion, and he asserted that if Parliament consented to continue as we were, it would abandon one of the first duties of a legislature. Sir John then entered upon a minute examination of Mr. Henley's speech, and reiterated his former estimates of the educational wants of the country, and the deficiencies

of the existing system. In defence of the financial part of his bill he cited various opinions in favour of a local rate, the voluntary principle being inadequate in point of means. He denied that his plan would tend to pauperize the people; and respecting the objection started, that there was no provision in the bill for compelling attendance in the school, he said that before such a provision could pass, more schools must be provided, and the effect of improving the schools under the bill would be to stimulate attendance. Hereafter it might be necessary to pass some enactment for this purpose. One of his objects in proposing free schools, supported by rates, was to provide education not only to labourers, but to the children of farmers and tradesmen. If a moderate system of this kind were rejected by the church party, there might be a demand for the adoption of the secular system. After adverting to some of the details of the bill, he observed that the practical question was whether his statement as to the amount of ignorance in the country was true; if it was, he implored the House not to be led away by the views of Mr. Henley upon what was not only a social and religious, but a political question.

On the motion of Mr. EWAET, the debate was then adjourned till Monday next.

BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

Lord PALMFESTON, in reply to Mr. Disraeli, said he was disposed to adhere to the rule that Tuesdays and Thursdays alone should be set apart for morning sittings; but as the measures to be brought forward this week were of the greatest urgency, it would be an exception, and they should have a morning sitting every day.

The House adjourned at half-past 1 o'clock.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE CAMP AT ALDERSHOT.

In reply to the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord PANMURE stated, that the supply of water in the camp at Aldershot was not in the condition it ought to be, but that measures were being taken to remedy the evil.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP BILL.

On the bringing up of the report of amendments, The Earl of SHAFTEBURY stated, that the bill was to repeal so much of the Act of the 52 Geo. III. as prohibited the assembling of more than twenty people in one house for the purpose of religious worship. He believed, that when the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up prayer at the opening of the Crystal Palace in the presence of her Majesty, he was guilty of a manifest violation of the law of the land, and he asked if such a state of things should be allowed to exist? The reasons for the Convention Act had passed away, and nobody would wish to revive it, while the Act of Geo. III. was wholly unsuited to the temper of the present times.

After some remarks from the Bishop of London.

The Bishop of OXFORD said that the bill would destroy the line of demarcation between the Established Church and Dissenters, and he therefore moved that the bill should be recommitted that day six months.

The Earl of Harrowby supported, and the Earl of Carnarvon opposed, the bill.

The Duke of ARGYLL said it was an evil to have in the Statute-book, a law which we did not enforce, and, on that ground, there was cause for alteration in this case.

The Lord Chancellor and Lord Roden having spoken in favour of the bill, their Lordships divided, when the numbers were—

In favour of the bill, 31; against it, 30; majority, 1.

The bill was then ordered for a third reading.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARITIES BILL.

After some discussion, this bill was read a third time, and their Lordships adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. LAYARD'S MOTION.

Sir E. B. LYTON stated, that though favourable to the principle embodied in Mr. Layard's motion, the Conservatives could not agree to it as it stood; and he wished therefore that it might be brought forward as a substantive motion, instead of going into Committee of Supply, in which case he would submit an amendment to the House.

Lord Palmerston having given his consent to this arrangement.

Mr. LAYARD gave notice that he would bring the subject before the House as a substantive motion on Friday next.

DECIMAL COINAGE.

Mr. W. BROWN moved a series of resolutions in favour of a decimal system of coinage, and recommending the issue in addition to the present florin, of a silver coin representing the one-hundredth part of a pound, to be called a cent, and a copper coin representing the one-thousandth part of a pound, to be called a nul.

Lord STANLEY seconded the motion, and said, that though not much acquainted with commercial matters himself, he felt competent to bear testimony to the general preponderance of opinion in favour of this system among the commercial and scientific classes.

Mr. J. B. SMITH moved, as an amendment, that her Majesty should invite a congress of all nations, to consider the practicability of a common standard of money, weights, and measures.

Mr. LOWE seconded the amendment, and objected to the pound as a basis.

Mr. J. MCGREGOR was in favour of a pound as the basis of the system, but urged that the question should not be pressed at present.

Mr. T. HANKEY complained of the chaotic state in which our weights and measures and money coins were, and urged the introduction of some general harmony.

M. J. L. RICARDO complained that Ministers expressed no opinion. He was strongly in favour of a pound as the basis of a decimal system, and contended, if we were to wait till a congress of foreign nations agreed upon a uniform system, we should never have a decimal system at all.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said, that scientific men, who had given great thought to this question, had arrived at different conclusions. He objected to the plan of Mr. Brown, believing that, if the measure were adopted, the coins might be struck at the Mint, but would never pass into general circulation. He could not agree to bind the House or the Government by a solemn vote on this question.

Mr. CARDWELL, while admitting that the public mind was not yet ripe for the change, controverted the objections raised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to a decimal coinage.

Mr. BROWN having intimated that he would omit that part of his resolution relating to new coins, the House divided on the motion, as thus limited, when the resolution was carried against the Government by a majority of 135 to 56.

Mr. KENNEDY rose to move an address to the Crown for a commission to inquire into national education in Ireland, when an Hon. Member moved that the House be counted; and forty members not being present, the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

COMMITTEE ON THE SUNDAY TRADING (METROPOLIS) BILL.

Mr. MASSEY, after stating a great number of objections against the measure, characterising its principle as pernicious and mischievous in the highest degree, moved that the Speaker leave the Chair to go into Committee on that day three months.

Much opposition was expressed to this course, and on the division which followed was lost by a majority of 107.

Clauses 1 to 4 then passed through Committee, and on the motion of Lord Robert Grosvenor, the Chairman was ordered to report progress and ask leave to sit again.

The other business being disposed of, the House adjourned at 1 o'clock.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords on Thursday, the Needlemen's Hours of Labour Limitation Bill was ordered to be referred to a select committee. The Cambridge University Bill was read a third time and passed, as was the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill. The Administration of Oaths Abroad Bill went through committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House of Commons met at noon.

The Education (Scotland) Bill was considered in committee. On the preamble of the measure, Mr. HADEFIELD moved an amendment, setting forth the conclusion that no rates for educational purposes ought to be exacted from those who conscientiously objected to the principles taught in the public schools, or to any compulsory provision for the teaching of religion, or to the reading of the Scriptures in any public school.

This amendment was seconded by Mr. L. HEYWOOD, but, after some discussion, was negatived by 167 to 6—161.

The committee of the bill was then proceeded with, but the discussion of the first clause was still unfinished at 4 o'clock, when the sitting was suspended.

In the evening, the second reading of the Victoria Government Bill was moved by Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

Mr. BELL opposed the measure, chiefly upon the provisions which it contained respecting religious endowments, and moved that the second reading be deferred for six months, which amendment was supported by Mr. MIALL.

Mr. LOWE urged a double objection against the bill, contending that it violated, on one side, the principle that the British parliament should not interfere with matters which lay exclusively within the jurisdiction of the local legislature; and

on the other, permitted the colonial assembly to deal with subjects which ought to be dealt with only by the imperial legislature. Examining the technical conditions of the measure, he pronounced it informal and untenable, and declared that if passed it would require a supplementary act to give it force and permanence.

Mr. J. BALL denied that the bill was liable to the charge of informality, and warned the House not to incur the responsibility of refusing or delaying the establishment of a constitution which the colonists had, under legislative sanction, drawn up for themselves, and were impatient to enjoy.

Mr. ADDERLEY drew a distinction between the sections of the bill which fell within the competency of the colonists to settle and those which transcended their right to deal with. The Government, he contended, had adopted clauses that came within the latter category, and had thus involved the question in serious confusion. Declaring that the present attempt at constitution-making was disorderly and abortive, he suggested that the governor of the colony should be empowered to decide upon the question relating to the subjects which came within local, or must be referred to imperial, jurisdiction.

Mr. PAKINGTON, recognising the weight of the promise made some time since to the Australian colonists, argued that if the present bill were withheld Parliament would be guilty of a clear breach of faith, and would, besides, excite a profound feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the colony.

Eventually Mr. BELL withdrew his amendment, and the bill was read a second time.

The second reading of the analogous bill establishing a constitution in New South Wales, was then proposed.

Mr. LOWE censured the system of representation contemplated in the measure, with whose details he also found much objection. He moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months.

The amendment was seconded by Mr. BAXTER.

Mr. J. BALL supported the bill; and on a division there appeared a majority of 109 in its favour.

[Conclusion of last week's Parliament.]

FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

METROPOLITAN BURIALS.

The Bishop of LONDON moved an address on the subject of inadequate provision for burials in the metropolis, in consequence of the Act of 1852 closing old burial-grounds before others were provided, and thus increasing the evil, which demanded an immediate remedy.

Earl GRANVILLE said the matter was under the serious consideration of the Government; upon which the motion was withdrawn.

The Education of Poor Children Bill was read a second time, and the House then adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE PRESS AT GIBRALTAR.

In answer to Mr. Oliveira and Mr. Bright, Lord J. RUSSELL stated that the ordinance issued by the Governor of Gibraltar preventing the newspapers from publishing certain matters opposed to the public interests of that garrison, was an act which he had the power to perform; but the ordinance was under the consideration of the Government.

SIR W. MOLESWORTH AND MR. COBDEN.

Sir W. MOLESWORTH answered the charges made by Mr. Cobden of inconsistency between his speech on Tuesday last, and those he made in the Pacifico debate in 1850, and another at Leeds in 1840. He read portions of those speeches in proof of his assertion that his opinions were unchanged, regarding a war to be waged against Russia, by England and France in defence of Turkey. The passages so read were much cheered by the House.

Mr. COLLIER then explained that he never said, as was stated by Mr. S. Herbert, that the retiring members of Lord Aberdeen's government were guilty of treason.

THE DEBATE ON THE WAR.

Was resumed by Mr. F. SCOTT. Sir F. BARING followed. He said he had not inserted in his amendment any notice of the conduct of the Government at Vienna, because the Conferences had not closed, but the circumstances were changed now, and he would have changed his motion if it had been possible to do so, in order to bring the matter to a real issue. As to Mr. Lowe's amendments, he objected to them as committing the House to a particular line of conduct on a single point in the negotiations, leaving the rest untouched. A vote on either of the amendments could not show the real opinions of members of the House; and the debate, notwithstanding its length and apparent importance, was, in fact, a mere trifling with the country.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL commented in very strong terms on the language of Mr. Cobden, and charged him with taunting the people for their feeling in favour of the war, and degrading it into what he termed mere populace that people whose aid he coveted in his Corn Law struggle, because now they did not agree with his opinions. He assailed the speech of Mr. Bright, which he stigmatised as unworthy of the occasion, and characterised it as filled with stale jokes, wretched witicism, and ribald jests. He drew a vivid picture of the aggressive tendencies of Russia, illustrating it by references to her past history; and concluded by pressing on the House the necessity and the importance of leaving the mere quibbling on words in which they were now engaged, to unite in supporting those who were resolved to carry on the war with resolution and vigour.

Sir F. TRESIGGER then commented on what he said was the real question before the House, namely, the conduct of the negotiations, which had ended so unsatisfactorily, a result entirely owing to the unhappy choice of Lord John Russell as the negotiator.

Mr. CARDWELL earnestly deprecated the tone of the Attorney-General's speech. He objected to all the amendments except that of Sir F. Baring, on the ground that it gave the Crown a general assurance of support.

Mr. WALPOLE inveighed against the ambiguity in the language and conduct of the Ministry, which was defended by Mr. HORSMAN.

Mr. DISRAELI then spoke, and denied that the debate was dull or wearisome. He considered it one of the most interesting he had listened to since he was a member of the House.

Lord PALMERSTON defended the Government, and declared his intention of vigorously prosecuting the war.

The amendments of Mr. PHILIMORE and Mr. LOWE were first severally withdrawn, and the motion of Sir F. Baring was then put, and agreed to without a division.

The House adjourned at half-past 2.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Vienna, June 14, 2 p.m.

Some explanation is due to the Public and the Trade in respect of the inconvenience both were put to in their laudable endeavours to procure a due supply of copies of No. I. of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES. The Proprietors, foreseeing the probability of a large demand, adopted the precaution of producing both the Paper and the Supplement in duplicate, and with the aid of four machines working 24 hours a day—each machine, too, throwing off about 1,000 copies every hour—they anticipated that even their most sanguine expectations could have been kept pace with. They were, however, doomed to a disappointment, which, however agreeable to themselves, was, they are nevertheless aware, productive of the greatest annoyance to the public. For the future the Proprietors feel satisfied that their arrangements will ensure the due delivery of a quarter of a million copies of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES into the hands of the public before the Evening of Saturday in each week.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALTHOUGH we have as yet enjoyed but a brief week's existence, we find ourselves overwhelmed with a shoal of letters, the mere opening and reading of which involves a considerable amount of labour. This we by no means grudge. We rather court suggestions, as we believe that, by acting on those that are really valuable, we shall week by week introduce some new improvement into our columns. What we cannot undertake to do, is to answer questions on all, or indeed on any, subjects. Our readers must bear in mind that our space is limited, and that we must decline devoting even a few lines of it to answering inquiries in which the bulk of our subscribers feel no interest.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

We are engaged in a war that has already proved an expensive one, and promises to prove a protracted one. For centuries we have considered ourselves the most powerful nation in the world, and we are by far the wealthiest. We for years waged a successful war in nearly every portion of the globe, with nearly every nation of either maritime or military power, at a period when we were possessed of no superiority over them either in respect of numbers or of mechanical genius, and while we were under the constant dread of invasion; yet, in spite of all these difficulties, we contrived not only to preserve our independence, but to increase, at one and the same time, our empire and our prestige. We have now for months been opposed to a power which two centuries ago was but nominal—a power which, composed of a great variety of nations, spread but thinly through a vast extent of country, bound down by the most hopeless slavery—that of ignorance—and who seem formed for the purpose of affording triumphs to that man who has the skill to direct, the means to execute, and the eye to perceive and turn to advantage, those accidents which form, so often, the foundation of the most brilliant successes in warfare.

Against such an enemy, what successes we might ere this have achieved—to what poverty have reduced him—to what sacrifices for peace have compelled him, had we but profited as we might have done by the experience of our deficiencies in the last war! We have ourselves only to blame for our past failures. We have neglected the most ordinary precautions against surprise—have passed by the most favourable opportunities of achieving victories—and after having had laid before us the strongest evidence as to gross negligence in the management of our affairs, have done but little towards applying an efficient remedy. Our troops, many of them now maimed invalids, left home prepared to meet death from their foe, knowing that to perish thus was mercitorious, and reflected equal lustre upon themselves, their families, and their country; but they were not prepared to die of starvation and disease,—caused, not by the distance to which they had penetrated into a hostile country, not by its unhealthiness or by the impossibility of conveying supplies, but simply by the indifference, the neglect, and ignorance of those to whom the conduct of the expedition was confided. And when even these trials were surmounted, when our exhausted troops had been replaced, and when sanguinary victories had been obtained against immensely superior forces—did we follow them up? No; and the answer reflects eternal disgrace on those who lacked the energy to do so; for who doubts that a little display of that quality would have resulted in the possession of what we have as yet so vainly struggled for?

It is to want of energy alone that not only our misfortunes, but also our want of military success, is attributable. Our forces and those of our allies have been led by generals aspiring to the character of Fabii, and forgetting, in their anxiety to assimilate to such a model, this difference in the situation of Fabius and themselves—that one was repelling an invader, while the others are invaders: to the latter delay is dangerous, to the former favourable. They need not refer to HANNIBAL to prove this maxim: let them review their past experience, and it will amply confirm it. They partly invested, not attacked, a place then of but ordinary strength; their delay has enabled its defenders to make it nearly impregnable. But one of these Fabii has now gone; and the results that the energy of his successor has produced in the short time he has had the direction of operations, incline us to wish that the other may either emulate him, or follow the example of his former colleague; for assuredly we have the germs of many generals in our army—of many statesmen in our country; but have we encouraged the growth of the one, or the expansion of the other? Till we do so—till talent is held the type of true nobility—we shall witness many humiliations, easily obviated by disabusing ourselves of the idea that a HOWARD is of necessity born to command, or a GRENVILLE to legislate.

AUSTEN H. LAYARD.

LAYARD, the Eastern traveller and enterprising discoverer of the ancient Ninevite sculptures, whose splendid success was, a few short years ago, every one's admiration, and whose fame, while he was the lion of each learned *savoir*, might almost be said to have been every one's envy, is descended from a French family who took refuge in England many generations since at a time when men fled from the homes of their forefathers to avoid the most cruel persecution on account of their attachment to the Protestant faith. In the slough of the Huguenots, two members of the family fled victims, but a third succeeded in escaping to Holland, where he entred upon a more peaceful and fortunate career.

In the list of those who held command under the Prince of Orange at the time of his invasion of England, was inscribed the name of the founder of the English branch of the family—one of the direct ancestors of the subject of our memoir.

The original family name of the Layards was Raymond, but they abandoned this patronymic when driven into exile, and their descendants have ever since retained the assumed sobriquet. Those mental qualities that helped the friendless emigrant in Holland, and sent forth his son a captain in the army of the Prince, served still further to advance the fortunes of the family, one of whose members became Dean of Bristol. The Dean's second son was father of the future discoverer, who was born at Paris on the 5th of March, in the year 1817.

In that famous speech, delivered at Liverpool a month or two since, which drew down upon him such a shower of condemnation from the military members of the House of Commons, Layard made public some interesting particulars of his early life. Correcting a previous speaker, who had assumed that he commenced his career at sea, Layard spoke as follows:—

"I did not begin life, as my friend the chairman appears to think, at sea; on the contrary, I began it in perhaps a more dangerous profession, that of the law. But, from certain circumstances, I did not consider myself fitted for that profession, and I left England with the intention of going to India. I remember well that one of the inducements which led me to go to India, was a speech which, by mere chance, I heard from a very celebrated man, now no more—I mean Mr. Daniel O'Connell. I recollect, having nothing better to do, attending a public meeting held for the discussion of the then state of India; and I then heard from Mr. O'Connell one of the ablest speeches I ever heard in my life, pointing out the wrongs and grievances under which a large portion of our fellow-subjects were then suffering. That speech, with other addresses, led my thoughts in the direction of India, and I set out with the intention of going there, and, if blessed with good health, with a desire to see something of the world, and of becoming, in fact, one of the section known in the House of Commons as young India. I never reached India, but remained for two years among some of the barbarous tribes of South Persia; and, although my object in travelling there was purely out of motives of curiosity, and for the purpose of seeing all that was to be seen, and although knowing little or nothing about commerce, I saw at once that that country offered great resources, especially to the commerce of England. One of my first introductions into public life, was a very elaborate report which I drew up upon the resources of South Persia. I forwarded it to Lord Aberdeen, then our Minister for Foreign Affairs, and it was partly published, as was also a correspondence in which I entered with the Chamber of Commerce of Bombay. I then hoped, with the assistance of a very enlightened chief with whom I was living at that time, to introduce English manufactures into Persia, and send back in return the produce of that country, and I believe, if an unfortunate occurrence had not arisen, we might have been, to a certain extent, successful; but, unfortunately, most of us were killed, our friends having entered into a war, and I believe I was one of a very few who escaped from that country. After that I was engaged in the Embassy to Constantinople, having fallen in, quite by chance, with Lord Stratford, and from that time to this, with the exception of the period occupied in the excavations at Nineveh, I have been chiefly occupied in the House of Commons. I say this because my appearance prominently before the public arises somewhat by chance; for if this great question of war had not been in agitation, I should have devoted myself chiefly to my profession and to literature, to which I have a very sincere and ardent attachment. But this great Eastern question arose, and, having some little acquaintance with the country, I was drawn into that prominence which I should not otherwise have sought."

It is unnecessary to touch upon those great discoveries which first brought Mr. Layard into public notice, and made the simple Eastern traveller sought after by the noblest in the land. The story has been again and again well told. Who is there that has not had present to his mind's eye the lofty cone and broad mound of Nimrod with Layard and his corps of Arabs day by day excavating its base? Who has not imagined the lively satisfaction depicted on the countenance of the one, and the blank surprise, followed by extravagant gestures and maddened shouts of the others, as some grand regal human-headed and winged lion or bull, was exhumed from its tomb of twenty centuries.

In the year 1852, on the retirement of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office, through the intrigues of Lord John Russell, Layard was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Shortly afterwards, he was returned to Parliament for Aylesbury; and in the following year was presented with the freedom of the city of London, in consideration of his enterprising discoveries amongst the ruins of Nineveh. On the fall of the little Lord's Cabinet, Lord Derby endeavoured to avail himself of Layard's knowledge and ability, offering to confirm him in his Under-Secretaryship of State until the return of Lord Stanley to England, and then to give him a diplomatic appointment. This offer Layard, after taking the advice of the ousted premier, declined. Under Lord Aberdeen's Administration, he was offered appointments, not inferior to that which he had before held; but as these were of a nature to remove him from the field of Eastern politics, which he had made his own, he had the honesty to decline them.

In 1853 he went out to Constantinople with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was returning to his post; but differing with his chief, returned in the course of the year to England. In Parliament he became the advocate of a more decided course of action than any to which Lord Aberdeen could reconcile himself, and he delivered in the House several energetic speeches on the Eastern question, which made a deep impression on the public. In the autumn of 1853 he again proceeded to the East as a spectator of the important events then taking place in the Crimea, and witnessed the gallant fight of the Alma from the main-top of the *Agamemnon*. He remained in the Crimea until after the battle of Inkermann, making himself acquainted with its actual condition, and furnishing, it is believed, a considerable proportion of that information upon which the "Times" based its powerful article, published first in December, 1854. Layard was one of the most urgent among the members of the House in demanding the committee of inquiry into the state of the army, and he has subsequently taken a leading part in the investigation; to which also he contributed his evidence. On the formation of Lord Palmerston's administration he was offered a post; but as it was not in connexion with the foreign policy of the country, he adhered to his old maxim, "the right man for the right place," and declined associating himself with the new Government, which, in its conduct of the war, has certainly met with more luck than its predecessor.

The new phase in his political career on which Layard has recently entered, is that of a leader in the cause of administrative reform. According to the skill and judgment with which he acquires himself in this wide and important field, will Layard rise to the dignity of a statesman, or subside to the level of a hustings declaimer.

FAILURE OF A LONDON BANKING FIRM.—Every day is making new revelations respecting the liabilities of the banking house of Sir John Paul and Co., whose failure was first announced on Monday. We hear that one noble Earl, in Yorkshire, will be a sufferer to the extent of £100,000. Another noble Lord had a balance in their hands of £18,000—a nobleman, too, to whom the loss will be very serious. Several private individuals will lose various sums from £500 to £2,000. One religious society will, we regret to hear, suffer to the extent of nearly £1,000. We have heard the entire liabilities computed at £350,000. It is said the establishment has been insolvent for nearly a quarter of a century. The head of the firm had a dinner-party the day before the bank formally stopped payment.

TAGANROG.

On the declivity of a promontory near the mouth of the gulph of the Don, and looking pleasantly on the blue waters of the Sea of Azof, is situated the town of Taganrog, long known as one of the chief outports of that part of Russia, and now brought prominently before the public mind by the expedition sent against it, with signal success, by the allied armies. Taganrog was founded by Peter the Great, in 1706, apparently for military purposes; but the prescient Czar, foreseeing that the place would attain importance as a commercial port, made it the object of his peculiar care; and during his sojourn there he planted an oak wood, which still exists to commemorate his connexion with the locality. It was at Taganrog, also, that the Emperor Alexander breathed his last in 1826. The town is clean, well built, and most respectable in appearance, with its tall white houses basking in the sun, its shady gardens, and its decaying fortifications. The population, a motley assemblage of Tartars, Cossacks, Armenians, and others, amounts to about 22,000 inhabitants; and their trade consists chiefly in caviare, leather, tallow, corn, wool, and other Siberian produce, which descends the Don. Unfortunately for its prosperity, the harbour is one of the most inconvenient in Europe, and has by degrees become so shallow, that vessels are obliged to anchor at twelve or fifteen miles from the shore. About the beginning of this century, Taganrog was still frequented by numbers of foreign vessels; but the navigation becoming more extended, and their appearing a prospect of the maritime establishment of Taganrog becoming insufficient for the ever-increasing wants of *entrepot*, a custom-house and quarantine were formed at Kertch. Commerce was thus divided: and Taganrog each day saw a smaller number of vessels in its waters. The quarantine of Kertch allowed as few vessels as possible to pass on to the rival port; and, in 1853, a fatal blow was struck at the fortunes of Taganrog, when the Russian Government declared Kertch the only quarantine port in the Sea of Azof; thus closing Taganrog not only to merchant vessels, but those engaged in the coasting-trade. Its commerce has lately been sustained by the transport of munitions of war, and of provisions from the Caucasian provinces. Nevertheless, it was important as one of the chief outposts of that part of Russia; and the allied forces, in making their hostile entrance, are said to have been opposed by 3,500 troops.

AN ENGLISHMAN TRIED IN FRANCE FOR MURDER.—On the afternoon of the 17th of April last, a coal-dealer at St. Omer's, named Barbion, while smoking his pipe and talking to a workman repairing a pump in his yard, was requested by an Englishman, named Piers, who occupied the first-floor of his house, to walk up and speak to him. Barbion went, and was immediately shot by Piers, with a pistol, and breathed his last the same evening. The criminal was brought to trial the other day before the Court of Assizes of the Pas-de-Calais, and the case excited extraordinary interest. Piers, who is a native of the Isle of Man, is 40 years of age, and has passed 25 of them at St. Omer. He admitted his guilt; but said that Barbion had insulted him so grossly, besides inciting others to do so, that, if placed again in the same circumstances, he should act in the same way. He confessed that he had requested Barbion to come into his room with the firm resolution of killing him—a declaration which sent a thrill of horror through the court. Several medical men, who had examined Piers, expressed their belief that he was labouring under hallucinations which excited a homicidal monomania. The jury found the prisoner guilty, but with extenuating circumstances, and the court sentenced him to twenty years' hard labour.

BARNUM'S LAST.—The indefatigable Barnum has just favoured the prodigies-loving public of New York with the announcement of a new marvel, i.e., the "infant Esau, two years old, covered with hair, and has already a full beard and whiskers!"

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MANY of our readers have already paid their visit to the annual exhibition of our Royal Academy, and many others, in the distant provinces, who are compelled to be satisfied with an account of it in the columns of the daily and weekly papers, will have already read accounts with all the curiosity that our annual display of art never fails to awaken. Nevertheless, we cannot forbear presenting our subscribers with a general *resumé* of our own impressions of the works exhibited on the walls of the Academy for the present season; but, previously to doing so, propose glancing over the circumstances which led to the foundation of the institution, and at the state of art in England, which called it into existence.

A marked degradation in English art took place at the time of the accession of the house of Hanover. The two first Hanoverian sovereigns, with Hanoverian feelings and Hanoverian accent, confessed to a constitutional contempt for both *Boetry* and *Bainting*; and under the discouragement consequent on these royal verdicts, the national arts languished and decayed, to that degree, that our lively continental neighbours, the French, sought to excuse our nonentity in the region of art on the score of our climate, which they pronounced unfit for the development of the true artistic organization.

We have only to look back, however, to many of our noble cathedrals, the work of native architects, or to the wonderfully illuminated missals produced by the decorative genius and skill of native industry—to prove that neither was the climate unpropitious, nor the artistic organization wanting. And when, about the middle of the last century, such truly English artists as Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, and Reynolds appeared, there could be no longer any doubt of the national aptitude for art, under a proper system of development.

The immediate predecessors of these men fell upon evil times—Hudson, the best portrait painter of the day, the master of Reynolds, was wretchedly paid—Hayman, who could design the clever illustrations for the translation of *Don Quixote*, was compelled to accept employment as a decorator at Vauxhall—and Sir James Thornhill, the painter of the dome of St. Paul's, was paid by measure, at the rate of forty shillings per square yard. But in spite of these depressing obstacles, coming men were destined to eclipse their masters, and attain celebrity and independence in the face of every discouragement. Sir James Thornhill refused his daughter to young Hogarth, who, by the way, subsequently ran away with her; and Hudson told his pupil, young Reynolds, after his return from Rome, that he had spoilt his style, and painted worse than before he went—a verdict which Reynolds reversed, by becoming, shortly afterwards, the first president of the new Royal Academy, and the true founder of the English school of painting. About the same time, Gainsborough was playing truant from school to sketch and paint among the beautiful glades of his native Suffolk; and Wilson, our English Claude, emerged from obscurity near the same epoch.

These, and a few others, were the men who first threw off the existing trammels of the modern schools of that debased era, and along with them all the worn-out conventionalities of the gods and goddesses, and nymphs and satyrs, of the Verrios and La Guerres, to seek the inspirations of living nature: Hogarth taking the extreme course of dashing at once into the stern realities of everyday life for his subjects.

Such were the men who established the "Society of Incorporated Artists," from which eventually sprang the Royal Academy. The Incorporated Society of Artists held their first exhibitions in 1761 and 1762; the admission to which was free, but they only obtained their charter in 1765. A number of incompetent men, however, having become enrolled as members of the society, schisms arose, and Benjamin West and others seceded. West and the malcontents eventually triumphed; for by privately memorialising the King, they obtained the promise of a charter for a new society under his especial patronage, to be called the "Royal Academy," the charter of which was signed by the King on the 10th of December, 1765. A curious anecdote is told of the manner in which this circumstance was first made generally public. The King went, accompanied by Kirby, his professor of perspective, who was also president of the associated artists, to visit the studio of West, who had just completed one of his historical pictures; when Kirby, after admiring the work, said to West, "You must really send it to the exhibition of my academy," and appealed to his Majesty for support; but the King replied, "He has promised to send it to mine." The society thus established by West, Reynolds, and others, under the immediate patronage of royalty, soon swamped the former one, and its triumph was complete.

Reynolds, on entering the rooms of the new society after the signature of the charter, was saluted "President" by general acclamation; and after consulting his friends, Johnson and Burke, accepted the honour. The King knighted the newly-elected chief of the academy, in order to confer additional dignity on his office. Reynolds at once undertook to deliver a course of lectures, and we are indebted to the determination of the first president of the Royal Academy for the most valuable series of essays on the theory of the art of painting that the language at present possesses.

The first exhibitions of the Royal Academy were held in St. Martin's Lane, and afterwards in Pall Mall; but, in 1780, the King granted them the fine apartments in Somerset House, the ceiling and walls of which Reynolds, and some other of the Academicians, enriched with excellent and interesting works. The price of admission was at once boldly fixed at one shilling, and it was found that public curiosity was sufficiently aroused to make that sum no check to the number of visitors, and the Academicians soon realised considerable sums in this way; to which Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar) alludes, in the opening to his semi-critical poem on the state of English Art:—

"Paint, and the men of canvas, fire my lays!
Who show their works for profit and for praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings,
Gaining two thousand pounds a year by shillings."

The Academy, however, though it thus prosperously started, was not without its internal dissensions. Reynolds once notified his determination to resign the presidency, and was with difficulty induced to retain his position; while Barry, the illustrious painter of the room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, whose original and powerful genius shone with a light peculiarly its own, was actually expelled by his brother Academicians on very insufficient grounds.

The Royal predilection for West and his frigid style, was likewise a cause of discontent, and this misdirection of the Royal patronage was severely lashed by Wolcott. It is well known that West, in his sacred pieces, painted the faces of his servants over and over again, till the Academicians knew all the Apostles by the familiar names of their humble models in West's establishment. His theory, too, of painting the head of Christ, not after the sublime conventional archetype transmitted to us by the great Italian masters, but after a Jewish model, was also a subject on which Peter Pindar enlarged with considerable bitterness, comparing the head thus rendered, to that of the old clothesman, seen "in our own back street."

Adding,—

"Place in his hand a rusty bag,
To hold each sweet collected rag—
We then shall have the character complete."

On the subject of the Royal patronage, he is still more bitterly sarcastic, in his own peculiar vein of humour. He compares the King's predilection for the style of West, and his evident wish to see him at the head of the Academy, to a child who has found a daisy, and planted it in a garden; for the King took to himself great credit for having been the means of forcing West into public notice; and Pindar sings, carrying out his image of the child and the daisy:—

"Then stung round, all wild for praises panting,
Tells all the world it was its own sweet planting;
And boasts away, too happy elf,
How that it found 'the daisy' all itself."

The public patronage of the foreigner Loutherbourg, to the neglect of our own Wilson, was another sore point with some of the Academicians; and is also another of the mistakes of the period lashed by Peter Pindar. Of some of the peculiarities of Loutherbourg's style, he says,

"And Loutherbourg, when Heaven wills,
To make brass skies and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing."

* It is now nearer £6,000.

art at, was certainly inferior to Lawrence. The last, and feeblest of the line, is the existing president, Sir Charles Eastlake; who, with many pleasing qualities as an artist, is feeble beyond the possibility of any infusion of real artistic power.

The present Exhibition is below the average excellence of recent years, and is remarkable for the total absence of several established favourites—among whom, that of Sir Edwin Landseer is the most regretted. Among the artists of established repute, who have the most remarkable pictures this year, are Maciie; F. R. Pickersgill; Egg, O'Neil, Roberts, Stanfield, Lee in combination with Cooper, Creswick in combination with Ansell, and some other well-known artists whose works stand out fairly, but perhaps not remarkably. Among the new names, that of Leighton stands pre-eminent. The pre-Raphaelites have lost a step; Millais, after a year's repose, appears again, but with decreased power and his brilliant rival, Hunt, is altogether absent.

At this late period of the Exhibition, it will be unnecessary to describe in detail more than a few of such of the leading pictures as are remarkable examples of well-defined schools of art. Among these, none is more remarkable, especially as a first work, than Leighton's "Presentation of the Madonna of Cimabue." It is executed in a feeling and style that seem to mark a curious compromise between the pre-Raphaelite theory, and that of a section of the modern school, among whom a more conscientious treatment of detail has supplanted the tricky cleverness, or dashing boldness of manipulation, that concealed the want of truth; a style found in many of the works of some of our leading masters but a few years ago. Pre-Raphaelitism sought to abolish this substitution of facile execution for accuracy of drawing; but possibly receded to far for the selection of a model style, when they sought the epoch of hard angular drawing, without softness or beauty, that preceded the period of Giotto. Mr. Leighton, on the other hand, has sought his models at a more recent epoch among the successors of Giotto. His composition consists of a line of figures, that form a composition similar in form to some of the well-known frescoes of Giotto, at Assisi and other places. Mr. Leighton's work has thus all the simplicity of this early school of modern Italian art, in which there is no grouping—no attempt at obtaining massive effects by means of chiaro scuro. But at the same time, the drawing of this remarkable work is free and graceful, such as is found in the later works of Giotto's pupil, Masaccio, who it would appear has been the more immediate model of Mr. Leighton. In the simple composition of the picture, he exhibits the figures from an even line, all on the same level. None are coming down staircases, or placed on higher terraces—as devices to procure variety of composition; nor is the line of the procession even curved, so as to bring any of the figures into an effective group, by means of perspective, or foreshortening. There is, in short, no art-learning of this kind. All is conceived in the sternest simplicity. Cimabue, crowned with laurels, walks in front of his Madonna—with his pupil, the young Giotto, by his side; behind, follow in pairs, one after the other, Gaddo Gaddi, Arnolfo di Lapo, and others; and last, in the corner of the picture, appears Dante, a very characteristic figure. The whole of these figures have for background, merely a flat marble wall, built in layers of two colours, after the fashion of the period—without the addition of any effect of light or shade. The picture cannot therefore be said to display any attempt at "composition," as the term is now understood, nor any effort towards any other kind of "pictorial effect"; and yet, this extreme simplicity appears so natural, so unaffected, and the execution is so masterly, so easy, so evidently done without effort, and with that degree of firmness that marks the hand of a true master, that the spectator is satisfied, and seeks for nothing more. There is in this work the simplicity, without any of the laborious niggling, of the pre-Raphaelite school; and there is also better drawing and a finer sense of beauty. These qualities have charmed the public, and ensured a royal purchaser for this first work of the artist. Nevertheless, we cannot unreservedly admire the affectation

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following so slavishly certain forms of the Giotteschi—defect which is only redeemed in the present instance by certain charms of execution, and the evident existence of innate power, which must, when freed from the trammels of any kind of mannerism, lead the young artist to great results.

Mr. Millais has again appeared this season, after a year's repose, but we cannot think with any evidence of increased power. We fear the contrary. Those that were among the first to hail the brilliant talent of this young artist, cannot feel that this, his last work, has in any way answered the expectations that some of his earlier efforts seemed to justify. In his career, we believe that a brilliant youth at one-and-twenty is most dangerous, and often fatal, to ultimate and complete success. The recklessness and carelessness of conscious power too often ensure a reverse as marked as the triumph, from which not always even real genius can rally and efface the defeat. Mr. Millais's present picture, "The Rescue," represents a striking episode in the burning of a domestic residence in the night. The upper part of the house is supposed to be in flames—an agonised mother is rushing up the carpeted stairs towards the rooms where her children are sleeping. She meets a fireman, in the ordinary costume of his calling, coming down the staircase, bearing the children she had deemed lost. The action is well conceived; there is a burly steadiness of purpose in the step and bearing of the fireman, that admirably expresses the workmanlike manner, without hurry, without excitement, with which he has performed his routine duty, which the mother, in her gratitude, deems an act of superhuman heroism. The reflection of the fire above is thrown strongly upon the white night-dresses of the children—an effect which contrasts strongly with the pale gray dawn that is beginning to show itself through the staircase window. All is well conceived; but here we fear our praise must end. The most striking effect in the picture—the fiery reflection on the white dresses of the children, is unaccounted for by any gleaming light above, and therefore becomes inexplicable and ineffective. The same light, too, ought to have shed its glow upon the dress of the fireman, dark as it is—but there it is not. The head of the fireman is also out of drawing, and too large; and the drawing of the children, though the positions are strikingly conceived, is most defective. The angular drapery of the mother evidently covers no human form below the head and neck; and all the accessories are hastily and incompletely executed; especially the effect of dawn through the window, which indicates a poverty of artistic execution quite unworthy of Mr. Millais's reputation.

Macilise's "Orlando and the Duke's Wrestler," from "As You Like it," contains many of the beauties and few of the defects of this eminent artist. It is on the whole, perhaps, a picture more thoroughly worthy of the high reputation of its author than any other in the rooms. Upon a kind of terrace sits the tyrant duke, a well-conceived figure, finely executed, with all the finish of Macilise's pencil, though in a some-



"HARK! HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS!"—(BY G. F. HICKS, FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.)

PRINCE ALBERT ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

At the annual dinner of the Trinity Corporation, on Saturday evening last, at the Trinity House, his Royal Highness Prince Albert proposed the health of her Majesty's Ministers in the following terms:—

Gentlemen.—The toast which I have now to propose to you is that of her Majesty's Ministers. If there was ever a time at which her Majesty's government, by whomsoever conducted, required the support, ay, not the support alone, but the confidence, good will, and sympathy of their fellow-countrymen, it is surely the present. It is not the way to success in war, to support it, however ardently and enthusiastically, and at the same time to tie down and weaken the hands of those who have to conduct it. We are engaged with a mighty enemy, who is using against us all those wonderful powers which have sprung up under the generating influence of our liberty and our civilisation. You find him with all that force which unity of purpose and action, impenetrable secrecy, and uncontrolled despotic power, have given, while we have to meet him under a state of things intended for peace, and for the promotion of that very civilisation, the offspring of public discussion, of the friction of parties, and of the popular control on the government and the state. The Queen has no power to levy troops, nor has she any at her command, but such as offer their voluntary services. Her Government can take no measure for the prosecution of the war which it has not beforehand to explain in Parliament. Her armies and fleets can make no movements, nor even prepare for any, without their being publicly announced in the papers. No mistake, however trifling, can occur, no want or weakness exist, which is not at once denounced and even sometimes exaggerated with a kind of morbid satisfaction. The Queen's ambassador can enter into no negotiations without the Government having to defend him by entering into all the arguments which that negotiator, in order to be successful, ought to be able to shut up in the innermost recesses of his heart. Nay, at the most critical position, when war and diplomatic relations may be at their height, an adverse vote in Parliament may at a moment deprive the Queen of the whole of her confidential servants. Gentlemen, our constitutional government is undergoing a heavy trial, and we shall not get successfully through it unless the country will grant its confidence—patriotic, intelligent, and self-denying confidence—to her Majesty's Government. Gentlemen, I propose to you to drink the health of Viscount Palmerston and her Majesty's Ministers.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—On Saturday last, the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis appeared at the Court of Exchequer, in his state robes of office, and was duly sworn in before the Lord Chief Baron and other judges.

It has been considered, that in a Family Journal no less resolutely determined not to be dull than modestly ambitious to be useful, the devotion of a weekly column to original compositions of an enigmatical character would not be

what too melo-dramatic feeling. On the left, on a slightly lower level, is the figure of Orlando, modestly and courageously knitting his frame, as it were, for the encounter, as he glances towards Rosalind and Celia. The position is gracefully and poetically conceived, and bears evidence of having been suggested by the greatest dramatic artist of the day; as many of the admirers of the retired tragedian will at once perceive. The position of the wrestler, confident in his brawny strength, as he waits, with folded arms, for the signal to commence the struggle, is altogether matchless. The face and attitude of the old courtier, too, are excellent, as well as the treatment of the jester, in his motley costume. The girls, however—lovely as are their faces, of that Macilisean type, that always fascinates, though we now know it so well—are somewhat too robust, and their figures altogether too large. There are strange discrepancies and anachronisms in the architecture and costume, and other details of this picture, that greatly detract from its excellence as a well-studied and highly imaginative composition; but it tells its story so well, and the execution is so firm, so finished, and, in short, so perfect and so powerful, that neither that drawback, nor the usual defects of colour, can restrain the admirers of this remarkable artist from proclaiming it one of the most successful of his works.

Our space will now only allow us to call the reader's attention to the exquisite combination-picture, "Cattle on the Banks of a River," by F. R. Lee and T. S. Cooper; and the delightful rival work, "The Nearest Way in Summer Time," by Creswick and Andell—both of which can be seen from the same point of view, thus affording an interesting opportunity of comparing the peculiar excellencies of the two combinations. We must also take a hasty glance at Robert's magical and poetical view of Ionia, taken, as it would seem, from some terraces of the Monte Citorio. The broad gleaming mass of light that falls upon the curve of the "Yellow Tiber," is wonderfully brilliant.

Among a less ambitious class of works is one—engraved in the present Number of our paper—deserving of especial commendation. Though small in size, and owing its chief merit to a combined grace and elegance—yet these occasionally dangerous characteristics by no means degenerate into mere prettiness. "Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings," is a pictorial embodiment of Shakespeare's celebrated verse, and although the painter has treated the subject from a modern point of view, there is still no deficiency of true poetic feeling. A girl, on one of those dazzling mornings of May or early June—when it is impossible to lift the eyes skyward—stands gazing from beneath the shadow of her little hand, held up by way of a screen, into the depth of the blue vault of heaven, seeking the fluttering speck from which the shower of rapid melody is descending towards her. The rich deep carpeting of the meadow, grass, and flowers—which almost conceals her feet—and all the accessories on this pleasing picture, are selected and executed with complete success.

inappropriate; that is, provided that, apart from their mere interest as puzzles, the specimens possess some independent attraction, either humorous, poetical, or artistic. Such, and such only, will be the Editor's aim to furnish in this department of the paper.

The solution of each problem will be given in the succeeding week's impression. Correspondence, though not courted, will meet with every attention.]

CHARADE.

EMBODYING THE TRAGICAL STORY OF LORD PLANTIGRADE FITZURSE.

I.

"Come, Amy, no more nonsense! I must know my fate to-day; Say 'No,' and with the regiment in a week I'm on my way To—what's its name?—the East you know; say 'Yes,' and I'll sell out To-morrow; for the mess-room chaff I don't care that about."

It was Lord Plantigrade Fitzurse, the Earl of Bearskyn's son, Thus spoke in tones of earnest, though in words of homely fun; It was his fair-haired cousin stood and listened by his side, And cooly pluck'd the jessamines, but not a word replied.

"Now, Amy, don't be stupid," (twas his Lordship's way) "make haste, We're seldom left together, there's but little time to waste; Too long you've with my passion played; but go this time you shan't, Till from those lips I've 'somehow' learnt"—said Amy, "Here's my aunt."

It was the Countess Ermengilde came up the chestnut groves: The Countess looked but coldly on her son's and niece's loves, For portion was Amy, and Lord Plantigrade must pair With Victorine, the daughter of Lord Minever and Vair.

"My answer?" said the warrior. Said the maiden, "She will hear." "Suppose she does," said Plantigrade—"you'll be of age next year; The entail makes me rich—enough! pronounce one word of two, Or else"—said Amy, "Hush! I'll write—Well aunt, dear, how d'ye do?"

"Dobson, pack the last portmanteau—bid the cab be here at six; See me furnished with materials,—something hot and strong, to mix!"

"Tis her hand, there's no mistaking; her's the up-strokes, dash, and stop—Heartless syren!"—Dearest cousin—I've reflected; you may hop!"

"Oh, my Amy, shallow-hearted! Oh, my cousin, mine no more! 'Hop'—I will not stay the night out—Dobson, ho! the cab at four!"



REBUS.

Reynolds, on entering the rooms of the new society after the signature of the charter, was saluted "President" by general acclamation; and after consulting his friends, Johnson and Burke, accepted the honour. The King knighted the newly-elected chief of the academy, in order to confer additional dignity on his office. Reynolds at once undertook to deliver a course of lectures, and we are indebted to the determination of the first president of the Royal Academy for the most valuable series of essays on the theory of the art of painting that the language at present possesses.

The first exhibitions of the Royal Academy were held in St. Martin's Lane, and afterwards in Pall Mall; but, in 1780, the King granted them the fine apartments in Somerset House, the ceiling and walls of which Reynolds, and some other of the Academicians, enriched with excellent and interesting works. The price of admission was at once boldly fixed at one shilling, and it was found that public curiosity was sufficiently aroused to make that sum no check to the number of visitors, and the Academicians soon realised considerable sums in this way; to which Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar) alludes, in the opening to his semi-critical poem on the state of English Art:—

"Paint, and the men of canvas, fire my lays!
Who show their works for profit and for praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings,
Gaining two thousand pounds a year* by shillings."

The Academy, however, though it thus prosperously started, was not without its internal dissensions. Reynolds once notified his determination to resign the presidency, and was with difficulty induced to retain his position; while Barry, the illustrious painter of the room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, whose original and powerful genius shone with a light peculiarly its own, was actually expelled by his brother Academicians on very insufficient grounds.

The Royal predilection for West and his frigid style, was likewise a cause of discontent, and this misdirection of the Royal patronage was severely lashed by Wolcott. It is well known that West, in his sacred pieces, painted the faces of his servants over and over again, till the Academicians knew all the Apostles by the familiar names of their humble models in West's establishment. His theory, too, of painting the head of Christ, not after the sublime conventional archetype transmitted to us by the great Italian masters, but after a Jewish model, was also a subject on which Peter Pindar enlarged with considerable bitterness, comparing the head thus rendered, to that of the old clothesman, seen "in our own back street."

Adding,—

"Place in his hand a rusty bag,
To hold each sweet collected rag—
We then shall have the character complete."

On the subject of the Royal patronage, he is still more bitterly sarcastic, in his own peculiar vein of humour. He compares the King's predilection for the style of West, and his evident wish to set on the head of the Academy, to a child who has found a daisy, and planted it in a garden; for the King took to himself great credit for having been the means of forcing West into public notice; and Pindar sings, carrying out his

"Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tells all the world it was its own sweet planting;
And boasts away, too happy elf,
How that it found 'the daisy' all itself."

The public patronage of the foreigner Loutherbourg, to the neglect of our own Wilson, was another sore point with some of the Academicians; and is also another of the mistakes of the period lashed by Peter Pindar. Of some of the peculiarities of Loutherbourg's style, he says,

"And Loutherbourg, when Heaven wills,
To make brass skies and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing."

* It is now nearer £6,000.



AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, M.P.—(SKETCHED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.)

And he goes on to tell us, the people shouted—

— "Monsieur Loutherbourg is most amazing."

adding some other lines to the effect that, while this meretricious style met with almost universal applause, Wilson was left to starve: which was literally the case, as far as the utter neglect of his talent was concerned. But the neglected painter found a refuge of comfort, in his latter years, in a little estate in Wales, unexpectedly bequeathed to him by a distant relation.

The Academy is still young as a national establishment; it has only numbered, as yet, five Presidents, who have gradually descended, in very regular gradations, from the artistic rank of the first. West, who succeeded Reynolds, although an historical painter who had produced a number of works upon a large scale, was greatly—how greatly!—inferior to his predecessor. Lawrence, the brilliant portrait painter, was the next president; and the presidential seat was therefore no longer occupied by a professor in the highest walk of the art. Shee, his successor, was also a portrait painter, and although undoubtedly a clever and highly intelligent

sternest simplicity. Cimabue, crowned with laurels, walks in front of his Madonna—with his pupil, the young Giotto, by his side; behind, follow in pairs, one after the other, Taddeo Gaddi, Arnolfo di Lapo, and others; and last, in the corner of the picture, appears Dante, a very characteristic figure. The whole of these figures have for background, merely a flat marble wall, built in layers of two colours, after the fashion of the period—without the addition of any effect of light or shade. The picture cannot therefore be said to display any attempt "composition," as the term is now understood, nor any effort towards any other kind of "pictorial effect"; and yet, this extreme simplicity appears so natural, so unaffected, and the execution is so masterly, so easy, so evidently done without effort, and with that degree of firmness that marks the hand of a true master, that the spectator is satisfied, and seeks for nothing more. There is in this work the simplicity, without any of the laborious niggling, of the pre-Raphaelite school; and there is also better drawing and a finer sense of beauty. These qualities have charmed the public, and ensured a royal purchaser for this first work of the artist. Nevertheless, we cannot unreservedly admire the affectation

of art, was certainly inferior to Lawrence. The last, and feeblest of the line, is the existing president, Sir Charles Eastlake; who, with many pleasing qualities as an artist, is feeble beyond the possibility of any infusion of real artistic power.

The present Exhibition is below the average excellence of recent years, and is remarkable for the total absence of several established favourites—among whom, that of Sir Edwin Landseer, the most regretted. Among the artists of established repute, who have the most remarkable pictures this year, are Madeline, F. R. Pickersgill, Egg, O'Neil, Roberts, Stanfield, Lee in combination with Cooper, Creswick in combination with Ansdell, and some other well-known artists whose works stand out fairly, but perhaps not remarkably. Among the new names, that of Leighton stands pre-eminent. The pre-Raphaelites have lost a step; Millais, after a year's absence, appears again, but with decreased power and his brilliant rival, Huett, is altogether at a standstill.

At this late period of the Exhibition, it is unnecessary to describe in detail more than a few of such of the leading pictures as are remarkable examples of well-defined schools of painting. Among these, none is more remarkable, especially as a first work, than Leighton's "Providence of the Madonna of Cimabue." It is executed in a feeling and style that seem to mark a certain compromise between the pre-Raphaelite theory, and that of a section of the modern school, among whom a more conscientious treatment of detail has supplanted the tricky cleverness, or dashing boldness of manipulation, that concealed the want of truth; a style found in many of the works of some of our leading masters a few years ago. Pre-Raphaelism sought to abolish this substitution of facile execution for the study of drawing; but possibly receded too far for the selection of a model style, when they got the epoch of hard angular drawing, with

fitness or beauty, that preceded the period of Giotto.

Mr. Leighton, on the other hand, has sought his models at a more recent epoch among the successors of Giotto. His composition consists of a line of figures, that form a composition similar in form to some of the well-known frescoes of Giotto, at Assisi and other places.

Mr. Leighton's work has thus all the simplicity of this early school of modern Italian art, in which there is no grouping—no attempt at obtaining expressive effects by means of chiaroscuro. But at the same time, the drawing of this remarkable work is free and graceful, such as is found in the later works of Giotto's pupil, Masaccio, who it would appear has been the more immediate model of Mr. Leighton. In the simple composition of the picture, he exhibits the figures from an even line, all on the same level. None

are coming down stairs, or placed on higher terraces—as devices to procure variety of composition; nor is the line of the procession even curved, so as to bring any of the figures into an effective group, by means of perspective, or foreshortening. There is, in short, no art

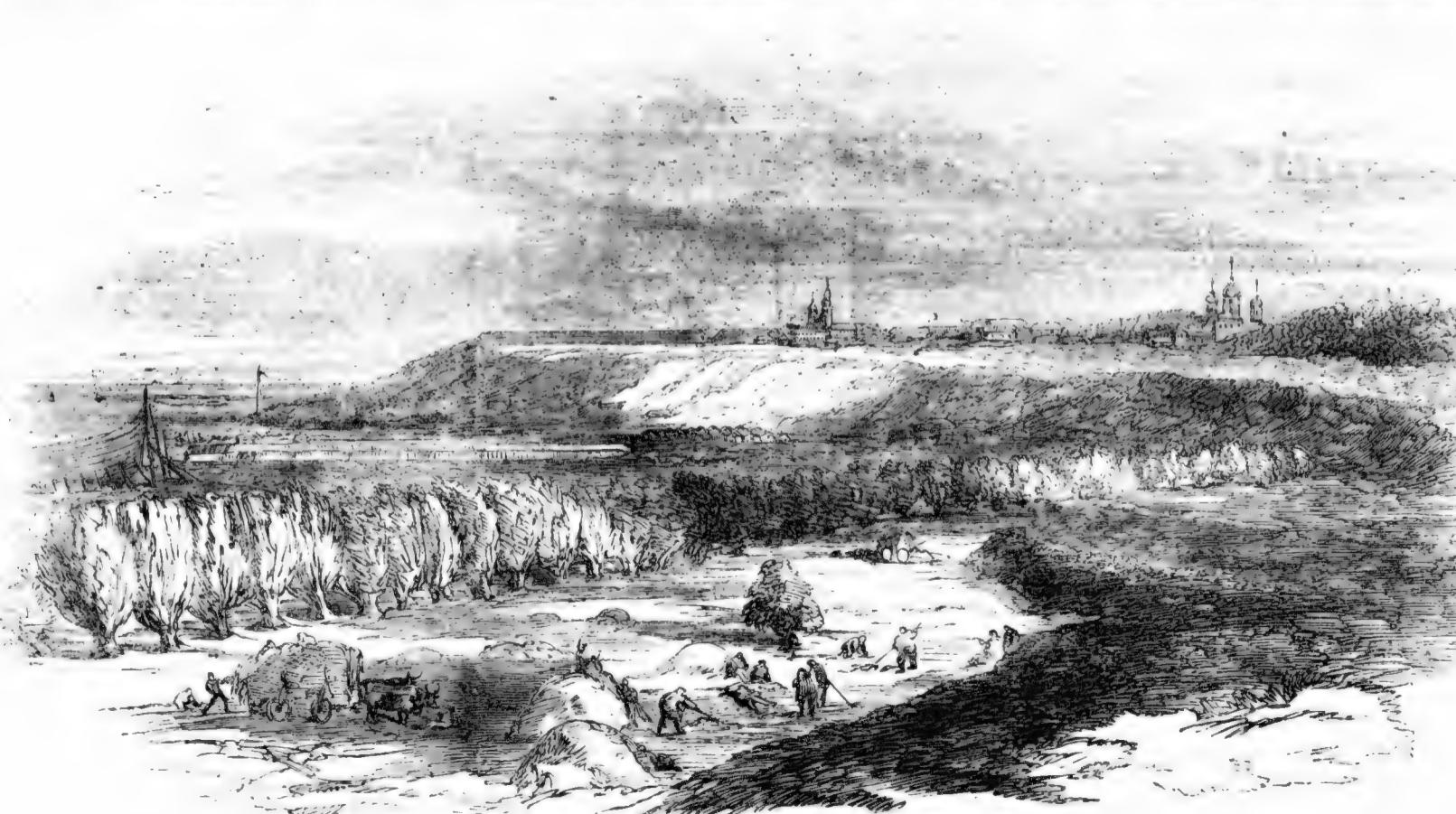
learning of this kind. All is conceived in the

sternest simplicity. Cimabue, crowned with laurels, walks in front of his

Madonna—with his pupil, the young Giotto, by his side; behind, follow in pairs, one after the other, Taddeo Gaddi, Arnolfo di Lapo, and others; and last, in the corner of the picture, appears Dante, a very characteristic figure.

The whole of these figures have for background, merely a flat marble wall, built in layers of two colours, after the fashion of the period—without the addition of any effect of light or shade. The picture cannot therefore be said to display any attempt "composition," as the term is now understood, nor any effort towards any other kind of "pictorial effect"; and yet, this extreme

simplicity appears so natural, so unaffected, and the execution is so masterly, so easy, so evidently done without effort, and with that degree of firmness that marks the hand of a true master, that the spectator is satisfied, and seeks for nothing more. There is in this work the simplicity, without any of the laborious niggling, of the pre-Raphaelite school; and there is also better drawing and a finer sense of beauty. These qualities have charmed the public, and ensured a royal purchaser for this first work of the artist. Nevertheless, we cannot unreservedly admire the affectation



TAGANROG ON THE SEA OF AZOF.

of following so slavishly certain forms of the Giotteschi—a defect which is only redeemed in the present instance by certain charms of execution, and the evident existence of innate power, which must, when freed from the trammels of any kind of mannerism, lead the young artist to great results.

Mr. Millais has again appeared this season, after a year's repose, but we cannot think with any evidence of increased power. We fear the contrary. Those that were among the first to hail the brilliant talent of this young artist, cannot feel that this, his last work, has in any way answered the expectations that some of his earlier productions seemed to justify. In my career, we believe that a brilliant triumph at one-and-twenty is most dangerous, and often fatal, to ultimate and complete success. The recklessness and carelessness of conscious power too often ensure a reverse as marked as the triumph, from which not always even real genius can rally and efface the defeat. Mr. Millais's present picture, "The Rescue," represents a striking episode in the burning of a domestic residence in the night. The upper part of the house is supposed to be in flames—an agonised mother is rushing up the carpeted stairs towards the rooms where her children are sleeping. She meets a fireman, in the ordinary costume of his calling, coming down the staircase, bearing the children she had deemed lost. The action is well conceived; there is a burly steadiness of purpose in the step and bearing of the fireman, that admirably expresses the workmanlike manner, without hurry, without excitement, with which he has performed his routine duty, which the mother, in her gratitude, deems an act of superhuman heroism. The reflection of the fire above is thrown strongly upon the white night-dresses of the children—an effect which contrasts strongly with the pale gray dawn that is beginning to show itself through the staircase window. All is well conceived; but here we fear our praise must end. The most striking effect in the picture—the fiery reflection on the white dresses of the children, is unaccounted for by any gleaming light above, and therefore becomes inexplicable and ineffective. The same light, too, ought to have shed its glow upon the dress of the fireman, dark as it is—but there it is not. The head of the fireman is also out of drawing, and too large; and the drawing of the children, though the positions are strikingly conceived, is most defective. The angular drapery of the mother evidently covers no human form below the head and neck; and all the accessories are hastily and incompletely executed; especially the effect of dawn through the window, which indicates a poverty of artistic execution quite unworthy of Mr. Millais's reputation.

Macilise's "Orlando and the Duke's Wrestler," from "As You Like it," contains many of the beauties and few of the defects of this eminent artist. It is on the whole, perhaps, a picture more thoroughly worthy of the high reputation of its author than any other in the rooms. Upon a kind of terrace sits the tyrant duke, a well-conceived figure, finely executed, with all the finish of Macilise's pencil, though in a some-



"HARK! HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS."—BY G. F. HICKS, FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

PRINCE ALBERT ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

At the annual dinner of the Trinity Corporation, on Saturday evening last, at the Trinity House, his Royal Highness Prince Albert proposed the health of her Majesty's Ministers in the following terms:—

Gentlemen.—The toast which I have now to propose to you is that of her Majesty's Ministers. If there was ever a time at which her Majesty's government, by whomsoever conducted, required the support, ay, not the support alone, but the confidence, good will, and sympathy of their fellow-countrymen, it is surely the present. It is not the way to success in war, to support it, however ardently and enthusiastically, and at the same time to tie down and weaken the hands of those who have to conduct it. We are engaged with a mighty enemy, who is using against us all those wonderful powers which have sprung up under the generating influence of our liberty and our civilisation. You find him with all that force which unity of purpose and action, impenetrable secrecy, and uncontrolled despotic power, have given, while we have to meet him under a state of things intended for peace, and for the promotion of that very civilisation, the offspring of public discussion, of the friction of parties, and of the popular control on the government and the state. The Queen has no power to levy troops, nor has she any at her command, but such as offer their voluntary services. Her Government can take no measure for the prosecution of the war which it has not beforehand to explain in Parliament. Her armies and fleets can make no movements, nor even prepare for any, without their being publicly announced in the papers. No mistake, however trifling, can occur, no want or weakness exist, which is not at once denounced and even sometimes exaggerated with a kind of morbid satisfaction. The Queen's ambassador can enter into no negotiations without the Government having to defend him by entering into all the arguments which that negotiator, in order to be successful, ought to be able to shut up in the innermost recesses of his heart. Nay, at the most critical position, when war and diplomatic relations may be at their height, an adverse vote in Parliament may at a moment deprive the Queen of the whole of her confidential servants. Gentlemen, our constitutional government is undergoing a heavy trial, and we shall not get successfully through it unless the country will grant its confidence—patriotic, intelligent, and self-denying confidence—to her Majesty's Government. Gentlemen, I propose to you to drink the health of Viscount Palmerston and her Majesty's Ministers.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—On Saturday last, the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis appeared at the Court of Exchequer, in his state robes of office, and was duly sworn in before the Lord Chief Baron and other judges.

what too melo-dramatic feeling. On the left, on a slightly lower level, is the figure of Orlando, modestly and courageously knitting his frame, as it were, for the encounter, as he glances towards Rosalind and Celia. The position is gracefully and poetically conceived, and bears evidence of having been suggested by the greatest dramatic artist of the day; as many of the admirers of the retired tragedian will at once perceive. The position of the wrestler, confident in his brawny strength, as he waits, with folded arms, for the signal to commence the struggle, is altogether matchless. The face and attitude of the old courtier, too, are excellent, as well as the treatment of the jester, in his motley costume. The girls, however—lovely as are their faces, of that Maclisian type, that always fascinates, though we now know it so well—are somewhat too robust, and their figures altogether too large. There are strange discrepancies and anachronisms in the architecture and costume, and other details of this picture, that greatly detract from its excellence as a well-studied and highly imaginative composition; but it tells its story so well, and the execution is so firm, so finished, and, in short, so perfect and so powerful, that neither that drawback, nor the usual defects of colour, can restrain the admirers of this remarkable artist from proclaiming it one of the most successful of his works.

Our space will now only allow us to call the reader's attention to the exquisite combination-picture, "Cattle on the Banks of a River," by F. R. Lee and T. S. Cooper; and the delightful rival work, "The Nearest Way in Summer Time," by Creswick and Andell—both of which can be seen from the same point of view, thus affording an interesting opportunity of comparing the peculiar excellencies of the two combinations. We must also take a hasty glance at Robert's magical and poetical view of Rome, taken, as it would seem, from some terraces of the Monte Citorio. The broad gleaming mass of light that falls upon the curve of the "Yellow Tiber," is wonderfully brilliant.

Among a less ambitious class of works is one—engraved in the present Number of our paper—deserving of especial commendation. Though small in size, and owing its chief merit to a combined grace and elegance—yet these occasionally dangerous characteristics by no means degenerate into mere prettiness. "Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings," is a pictorial embodiment of Shakespeare's celebrated verse, and although the painter has treated the subject from a modern point of view, there is still no deficiency of true poetic feeling. A girl, on one of those dazzling mornings of May or early June—when it is impossible to lift the eyes skyward—stands gazing from beneath the shadow of her little hand, held up by way of a screen, into the depth of the blue vault of heaven, seeking the fluttering speck from which the shower of rapid melody is descending towards her. The rich deep carpeting of the meadow, grass, and flowers—which almost conceals her feet—and all the accessories on this pleasing picture, are selected and executed with complete success.

The Sphinx.

"On l'on ne manque jamais de mettre sur le tapis quelque propos galant pour exercer les esprits de la société."—MOLIERE.

"I can't conceive of any spotted pointer in the bush as ever was so 'riddled' through and through as you will be, I'll bet."—MR. HANNIBAL CHALLOP, U.S., in "Martin Chuzzlewit."



REBUS.

It has been considered, that in a Family Journal no less resolutely determined not to be dull than modestly ambitious to be useful, the devotion of a weekly column to original compositions of an enigmatical character would not be

inappropriate; that is, provided that, apart from their mere interest as puzzles the specimens possess some independent attraction, either humorous, poetical, or artistic. Such, and such only, will be the Editor's aim to furnish in this department of the paper.

The solution of each problem will be given in the succeeding week's impression. Correspondence, though not courted, will meet with every attention.

CHARADE.

EMPLOYING THE TRAGICAL STORY OF LORD PLANTIGRADE FITZURSE.

"Come, Amy, no more nonsense! I must know my fate to-day; Say 'No,' and with the regiment in a week I'm on my way To—what's its name?—the East you know; say 'Yes,' and I'll sell out To-morrow; for the mess-room chaff I don't care that about."

It was Lord Plantigrade Fitzurse, the Earl of Bearskyn's son, Thus spoke in tones of earnest, though in words of homely fun; It was his fair-haired cousin stood and listened by his side, And coyly pluck'd the jessamines, but not a word replied.

"Now, Amy, don't be stupid," (twas his Lordship's way) "make haste, We're seldom left together, there's but little time to waste; Too long you've with my passion played; but go this time you shan't, Till from those lips I've 'somehow' learnt"—said Amy, "Here's my aunt."

It was the Countess Ermington who came up the chestnut groves: The Countess looked but coldly on her son's and niece's loves, For partickless was Amy, and Lord Plantigrade must pair With Victorine, the daughter of Lord Minever and Vair.

"My answer?" said the warrior. Said the maiden, "She will hear." "Suppose she does," said Plantigrade—"you'll be of age next year; The entail makes me rich—enough! pronounce one word of two, Or else"—said Amy, "Hush! I'll write—Well aunt, dear, how d'ye do?"

"Dobson, pack the last portmanteau—bid the cab be here at six; See me furnished with materials,—something hot and strong, to mix!"

"Tis her hand, there's no mistaking; her's the up-strokes, dash, and stop—Heartless syren!"—Dearest cousin—I've reflected; you may hop!"

"Oh, my Amy, shallow-hearted! Oh, my cousin, mine no more! 'Hop'—I will not stay the night out—Dobson, ha! the cab at four!"

Heaving sighs outweigh the anchor; hearts and packing-cases burst; Plantigrade Fitzurse, thou shouldst have better learnt to—what? *My first.*

II.

*"Part long poor lar Syree,
Ler June et bow Deew-war;
Vennay preeey Marree,
De benne sez exploo-war!"*

So sang Lord Plantigrade Fitzurse,
On board the steam three-decker,
His heart from sorrow's depths to raise
(if "heart" be what, in playful phrase,
His Lordship styled—his "pecker").

"Sang," did I say? I fear my words
I use, ere weigh'd and reckon'd;
His Lordship, than in accent, was
No less in tune—*my second.*

III.

Now glory to the British troops, and may they ne'er fight worse;
And glory to the youthful chief, Lord Plantigrade Fitzurse.
Ho! Russell, nib your smartest pen to write our hero's praise.
Ho! Soyer, let your largest stove, to grill him dainties, blaze.
Rouse from your philosophic mood, Lord General-in-Chief,
And "mention for promotion," one whose deeds are past belief;
Say how the Russian outwork, that had held our troops at bay
For weeks, 'gainst hundreds, by one man was conquered in a day;
For one it was who scaled the mound, with lion's heart and spring,
And stood alone amidst the foe—who, panic-struck, took wing
As kites before the eagle. One, it was, who spiked the gun—
No fire could still—that held the way; the Cossack standard, ONE
It was who seized—ONE showed the way, but hundreds were behind;
For when, to follow leaders brave, were Britons dismaliéd!
Huzza! huzza! the post is won—the Russians get the worse.
Huzza! huzza! for England and Lord Plantigrade Fitzurse!

"I grieve to say, Lord Plantigrade, to desperation goaded,
(Some love affair, 'tis thought) before a cannon that was loaded"—
Wrote Mr. Russell—"placed himself (like a distracted lover);
They let it off—it took effect; 'tis fear'd he won't recover."

"Comrades, vex me not with pity! like a hero, if I fought,
'Twas the fruit of desperation—Death it was I wished and sought;
Fame I've won—sh'll p'raps regret me—that's a comfort—faith, I need it;
There's a paper in my bosom—some one take it out and read it."

They obey'd him. "Dearest cousin"—(tears upon the grassy slope
From the reader's eyelids trickled)—"I've reflected, you may HOPE."

Up the dying warrior started, soon again on earth to drop;
"Oh, them final e's!" he gasp'd, and dying, moan'd, "I read it *hop!*"

MORAL.

(Combining the Intellectual).

Now, you young fighting blades, don't neglect education,
Nor think that will suffice for an arduous vocation;
For instance, my whole, if you wish to see through it,
Mere study wo'n't serve—you must set to and do it!

SIR J. PAXTON'S SCHEME FOR IMPROVING LONDON.

This plan, as explained before a committee of the House of Commons, is as follows:—To enclose London in a monster arcade 180 feet in height, with a roadway 72 feet wide, such arcade to be fitted up on each side with shops, the upper part and rear to be appropriated to drawing-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and other domestic apartments. Parallel with this arcade, at a considerable elevation from the ground, a railway to be formed, one side being used for the up line, and the other for the down, while the carriage-way in the centre would be used merely for carriages going to the shops. This arcade, to commence near the Royal Exchange, and proceed thence across Cheapside, and over a bridge to be constructed between Southwark and Blackfriars bridges, thence to High Street, Borough, where a junction would be formed with the railways at London Bridge. From the Borough to return by a circuitous course to the Thames, forming a junction with the South-Western Railway, crossing the river by another bridge to the Strand. A branch to cross the river by a third bridge from near Lambeth Palace to the new Houses of Parliament Street. By the way of Victoria Street to proceed to Brompton, across Kensington Gardens to the Great Western Railway station; thence to the London and North-Western and Great Northern stations; thence to Islington, and back to the Royal Exchange; another branch to Piccadilly, &c. The length of the arcade to be ten miles two furlongs, and the branch two furlongs. In getting up these estimates, Sir Joseph had gone to the expense of employing an efficient surveyor, and also a person who is known in London as a valuer of property.

RAILWAY LIBERALITY AND CHEAP NEWSPAPERS.—It deserves to be recorded that a move in the right direction has already been made by one of the northern railway companies. The directors have issued a printed tariff of rates for the transmission of unstamped newspapers, by which parcels weighing fourteen pounds are carried for fourpence; twenty-eight pounds for sixpence, and so on, "irrespective of distance." We sincerely hope the example will speedily be followed by all the other lines.

IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED in the leading column of the "Siecle," with all the honours of type, that M. Lamartine is about to become a *redacteur* of that journal. This does not mean that he is going to resume the political pen. There is no field in France at the present moment for any independent political writer. M. Lamartine will merely contribute philosophical and literary articles to the "Siecle."

ABBEYFORD.—Considerable additions are being made to the far-famed house of Abbeyford. The present proprietor, Mr. Hope Scott, is said to have found the erection of a new suite of apartments necessary for his own domestic arrangements, so that the public, who of late years have been somewhat cavalierly treated when visiting Scott's "romance in stone and lime," may have free access to that part of the interesting building, usually shown as the apartments of "the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels."

AUTOCRATIC POLITENESS.—The late Emperor of Russia sent a letter to the Duke of Devonshire congratulating his Grace upon his recovery from his recent illness. The Duke thought it right to forward the letter to the Foreign Office, it being a communication from one of the Queen's enemies.

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—The other day, a labourer, cutting out peats in the Red Moss of Fochel, Turves, found, in one of the peats he took out, a live frog. The creature was nearly white when first seen, but in the course of a few minutes it became gray, with black spots. As it opened its eyes on earth and sky, it seemed surprised; but by and by it became quite lively, and hopped away. The apartment it had occupied for so long (how long, who can say?) was about two inches in diameter, and had no communication with the external world whatever. It was situated about four feet from the present surface; but last year a "bank" was cast off the place, about eight feet deep, so that altogether it had had its abode twelve feet below ground.

LOLA MONTES.—This celebrated woman, who has held so many of the lords of the creation in sway, is expected shortly to arrive in Paris, from America, with her present husband, a Californian gold-miner, whose wealth is represented as being enormous.

Literature.

A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND With a Selection from his Letters, Edited by Mrs. AUSTIN. Longmans.

It has always been our opinion that Sydney Smith was the most remarkable man of the "Edinburgh Review" set—the most decidedly a genius of all the brilliant group who projected and produced it. Jeffrey was more versatile and more ornate. But what one faculty had Jeffrey in any such eminence as Sydney Smith had humour? Then, Smith never made any such great mistakes as Jeffrey did. What Jeffrey thought of poets and others, often proved false and was exploded: but in the long run the public have come to think very much as Sydney did, on most matters he meddled with. He was a more original man, too; whatever he writes is as peculiarly *his*, as letter of Junius or of Walpole, or a poem of Tennyson. You could not mistake anything of his for another man's performance. He was an admirable union of sense and fun. He was like Franklin, and like Swift, at the same time; and perhaps the most amusing reasoner since Swift's time—though neither in depth nor height, generally, could he be compared to the great and gloomy Dean.

We think the present book will do good to his fame. We indeed never doubted that he was a kind, good, friendly, honest man,—and for the plain reason, that real humour is never found in anybody who has not these qualities. But we were scarcely prepared to find him so good and hearty—such an excellent *paterfamilias* and exemplary parson and man-of-business, as this work proves him to have been. Cheerful in poverty—contented in obscurity—infinitely useful and beneficial in his parish—the world had in Sydney something better than a Whig wag. To the outer world who knew him only afar off, he glittered like firefly or a Vauxhall lamp,—approaching near, you find the light to be a brilliant little hearth-fire, making hearts warm about it! Let the dullards who think wits useless in all but wit, come and contemplate the spectacle of this man, and go away with a little more charity and a little more sense. Lady Holland has very well performed her pious office; and Mrs. Austin her kind one. We commend the book to all who wish amusement of the best kind—the amusement which improves. It is eminently a cheerful book, for Sydney Smith was a happy man,—and deserved to be a happy one.

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771, and therefore came of age in the height of the French revolution. He had French blood in his veins through his mother, and through her, too, was connected with Sir Isaac Newton. His father seems to have been a man of some means, for he started his sons well in life, as far as education went; but to "family" our author had no pretensions; and it was like his good sense that that fact never made him ridiculous in other people. He was a Winchester man, and got a fellowship at Oxford, afterwards; entered the Church rather from his father's than his own choice of that profession, and began life a curate in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the neighbourhood appointed him tutor to his son; they set off to travel together, but were driven to Edinburgh, where Sydney stayed five years. It was in 1797 that he arrived there. He found plenty of clever society; and through life loved the Scotch, and laughed at them. The following is capital, and Scotchmen themselves will take it good naturally:—

"Though truly loving them, his quick sense of the ludicrous made him derive great amusement from the little foibles and peculiarities of the Scotch; and often has he made them laugh by his descriptions of things which struck his English eye. 'It requires,' he used to say, 'a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of *WUT*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphorically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my Lord, is true of love in the *ABSTRACT*, but—here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost. No nation has so large a stock of benevolence of heart: if you meet with an accident, half Edinburgh immediately flocks to your door to inquire after your 'pure' hand or your 'pure' foot, and with a degree of interest that convinces you their whole hearts are in the inquiry.'

During his Edinburgh days he married. At the close of them, he and his friends started the "Edinburgh." The story has been often printed, but may be printed again for new readers.

"Towards the end of my residence in Edinburgh, Brougham, Jeffrey, and myself happened to meet in the eighth or ninth storey or flat in Buccleugh Place, the then elevated residence of Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a 'Review'; this was acceded to with acclimation; I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first Number of the 'Review.' The motto I proposed for the 'Review' was, 'Tenui Musum meditamus avena'—'We cultivate literature a little oatmeal'; but this was too near the truth to be admitted, so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger hands of Lords Jeffrey and Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success."

Sydney proceeded to London in 1804, established himself in "Doughty Street, Russell Square," and applied himself to the clerical profession. In those Tory days promotion for a Liberal and Edinburgh reviewer, was a matter of very distant hope. He cheerfully stuck to his principles, and preached and lectured, and was gay and contented in very narrow circumstances—preaching at "the Foundling Hospital at £50 a-year" for example. He furnished a house in Orchard Street with the money his lectures on Moral Philosophy brought in, and making the acquaintance of Lord Holland, "dined out" considerably—and with pre-eminent success. We confess we looked with a hungry fierceness for "Ann" in these memoirs. There are, indeed, some excellent specimens of his Table-talk in them. But we want more! We have a rage for *bons-mots* like that of children for *bon-bons*. But, once more, we have to lament that a renowned wit has not left recorders behind him sufficiently copious in detail. The "Walpoliana" is meagre. The reported jokes of Selwyn are few; and so are those of Hook. Sydney had more real fun in him than any of these men. Perhaps, however, his brilliancy was less easy to preserve than that of any of them, for he was not so much a sayer of distinct "good things" which one can pick up, and preserve—as a charming describer and narrator who followed up a humorous fancy with copious and glorious detail—no more possible to seize and put down than it would be to catch moonlight on the sea in bucket-fulls! . . . But still his daughter has done her best, as we shall prove by our extracts. Approach, oh reader, and enjoy the colloquial nectar which glittered at the boards of Whig gods!—

"Some one asked if the Bishop of — was going to marry. 'Perhaps he may,' said my father; 'yet how can a bishop marry? How can he flirt?' The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'"
"Oh, don't read those twelve volumes till they are made into a consommé of two. Lord Dudley did still better; he waited till they blew over."

"Talking of Tithes: 'It is an atrocious way of paying the clergy. The custom of tithe in kind will seem incredible to our posterity; no one will believe in the ramification priest officiating in the cornfield.'

"Our friend — makes all the country smell like Piccadilly."

"An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey! and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with his intellect is improperly exposed.'

"You will generally see in human life the round man and the angular man planted in the wrong hole; but the Bishop of —, being a round man, has fallen into a triangular hole, and is far better off than many triangular men who have fallen into round holes."

"The great charm of Sheridan's speaking was his multifariousness of style."

"When I took my Yorkshire servants into Somersettshire, I found that they thought making a drink out of apples was a temptation of Providence, who had intended barley to be the only natural material of intoxication."

"We naturally lose illusions as we get older, like teeth, but there is no Cartwright to fit a new s.t. into our understandings. I have, alas, only one 'fusion left, and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Speaking of the long debates in the House: 'Why will not people remember the Flood? If they had lived before it, with the patriarchs, they might have talked my stuff they pleased; but do let them remember how little time they have under this new order of things.'

"The charm of London is that you are never glad or sorry for ten minutes together: in the country you are the one and the other for weeks."

"There is a New Zealand attorney arrived in London, with 6s. G. tattooed all over his face."

"Yes, he has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is trifling away his age in trying to draw them up again."

"If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?"

"How is —? 'He is not very well.' 'Why, what is the matter?' 'Oh, don't you know he has produced a couplet? When our friend is delivered of a couplet with infinite labour and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door' 'avarsily is,' 'Mr. — and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an *Alexandrine* he keeps his bed a day longer."

"We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down and began eagerly stroking the shell of the turtle. 'Why are you doing that, B—?' said my father. 'Oh, to please the turtle.' 'Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter.'

The last of these paragraphs we think exquisite, and an instance of Sydney's peculiar manner of seizing analogies in the most recondite way. It was his theory of Wit (as may be seen in his "Lectures") that its very essence was in the "surprise" it excited—and this is eminently the case with his own.

To proceed with his history, Lord Holland obtained for him a Yorkshire living, and thither he had to go to reside in 1809. He was an excellent man in a parish—physicked the sick even with skill—was active, lively, kind and cheerful. His animal spirits were immense. He seems to have treated the earth, in fact, as a capital table to dine at—taking care of his neighbours likewise. In Yorkshire, his jokes did not meet such ready intellects as they did in London. No wonder he loved London so heartily, if he often met such strange listeners as the gentleman we shall introduce to our readers in the next paragraph—

"The conversation at dinner took a liberal turn. My father, in the full career of his spirits, happened to say, 'Though he was not generally considered an illiberal man, yet he must confess he had one little weakness, one secret wish, —he should like to roast a Quaker.'

"Good heavens, Mr. Smith!" said Mr. —, full of horror, 'roast a Quaker?' 'Yes, sir' (with the greatest gravity), 'roast a Quaker!' 'But do you consider, Mr. Smith, the torture?' 'Yes, sir,' said my father, 'I have considered everything; it may be wrong, as you say: the Quaker would undoubtedly suffer acutely, but every one of his tastes, mine would be to roast a Quaker: one would satisfy me, only one; but it is one of those peculiarities I have striven against in vain, and I hope you will pardon my weakness.'

"Mr. —'s honest simplicity could stand that no longer, and he seemed hardly able to sit at table with him. The whole company were in roars of laughter at the scene; but neither this, nor the mirth and mischief sparkling in my father's eye, enlightened him in the least, for a joke was a thing of which he had no conception. At last, my father, seeing that he was giving real pain, said, 'Come, come, Mr. —, since you think this so very illiberal, I must be wrong; and will give up my roasted Quaker rather than your esteem; let us drink wine together.' Peace was made, but I believe neither time nor explanation would have ever made him comprehend that it was a joke."

His life was a very quiet one as regards adventures. He worked in his parish—preached—wrote for the "Edinburgh"—paid visits—and talked delightfully. In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst gave him a stall in Bristol, and he afterwards "exchanged" from Yorkshire into Somersetshire. It was his friend Lord Grey who gave him a stall in St. Paul's: though the Whigs generally showed him no kindness in the way of promotion proportionate to his talents and celebrity and services to the party—in fact treated him ungratefully rather—as they did Mackintosh and many others. His show up of the Yankee repudiators was the last thing which brought him very prominently before the public. He died in 1845—having during the latter years of his life succeeded to fortune, and having enjoyed a prosperous old age. He will be remembered as a great English humourist, and "Liberals" ought to cherish his memory, for he fought their fight with fidelity, sincerity, and always in an honourable manner.

His letters are frank, genial and manly. There is plenty of humour in them. We fear that the best have been lost; and those that we have before us seem too exclusively selected from his letters to Whig magnates, male and female. We shall now select from the volumes, some specimens of thought and fancy—sense and salt.

"Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman who had been lately in the neighbourhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age, and of considerable dimensions. 'Going to marry her?' he exclaimed, bursting out laughing, 'going to marry her! impossible! You mean, a part of her: he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but tritancy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her.' 'Oh, Mr. Sydney,' said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, 'did you make all that yourself?' 'Yes, Lucy,' throwing himself back in his chair and shaking with laughter, 'all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbours C. and G., or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it? But let us go into the garden,' and, all laughing till we cried, without hats or bonnets, we saluted forth out of his glorified window into the garden."

"The following short, manly statement of his case, in a letter to Lord John Russell, on the subject of his preferment, seems, as it were, to be extorted from him by that sense of justice which so powerfully influenced his feelings through life towards every person, and on every subject, less than by any wish to extort himself, and therefore, to a certain degree, carries conviction with it. 'I do — to quote one single passage of my writing contrary to the doctrines of the Church. I defy him to mention a single action of my life which he can call immoral. The only thing he could charge me with would be high spirits, and much innocent nonsense. I am distinguished as a preacher, and sedulous as a parochial clergyman. His real charge against me is that I am a high-spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom he and all the bench of bishops could not turn upon vital questions: this is the reason why, as far as depends upon others, I am not a bishop. But I am thoroughly sincere in saying, I would not take any bishopric whatever.'"

"What a blessing to this country would a real bishop be!" . . .

"But I never remember in my time a real bishop—a grave, elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterplus perfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence in Parliament, never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the Government when it was right, leaning to the people when they were right; feeling that if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for mean purpose, but rather that seeing clearly, acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefit upon mankind."

"The longer I live, the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca; and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a *vesto duodenum*, or an agitated *pylorus*."

"The deception, as practised upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster: and when over-excited nature has had time to manage the testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind."

"On examining some new flowers in the garden, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Sydney! this pea will never come to perfection.' 'Permit me, then,' said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, 'to lead perfection to the pea.'"

"On seeing a very foolish letter by an acquaintance in the newspaper, 'There! read that! what incredible folly! You pity a man who is lame & blind, but you never pity him for being a fool, which is often a much greater misfortune.'

"Miss Fox was mentioned, who was at that time at Bowood: 'Oh, she is perfect; she always gives me the idea of an aged angel.'

"Some one speaking of the utility of a measure, and quoting —'s opinion: 'Yes, he is of the Utilitarian school. That man is so hard you might drive a broad-wheel'd wagon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gunlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him.' That school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings of affection never enter into their calculations. If everything is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make portable soup of her?"

COURT CIRCULAR.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN honoured the performances at the Royal Italian Opera with her presence on Saturday evening.

ON SUNDAY LAST, the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and Prince Alfred, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and the Princesses Adelaide and Feodora of Hohenlohe, attended Divine service in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Princesses Adelaide and Feodora of Hohenlohe, honoured the concert of the Philharmonic Society at the Hanover Square room with their presence on Tuesday evening.

THE QUEEN held a Court at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon at Buckingham Palace.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SINCE we wrote last on this subject, the Speaker of the House has again been absent on account of illness, and Mr. Fitzroy has again been obliged to take the Chair. But the authorities seem to be still all abroad as to the manner and with what ceremony the Right Hon. Gentleman ought to be received. On the first day, he simply took the Chair when 40 members had assembled. There was no procession, no announcement by the door-keeper, and no prayers. On the next day, he came in due form, as if he were the veritable Speaker, excepting that he was not enrobed. On the third, another change was made. The mace was brought in by the Serjeant across his arm, and not over his shoulder; but Mr. Fitzroy did not come in after the Serjeant. He had already gone into the House privately. When, however, the mace arrived, he took his place at the table, and prayers were read. And it is worthy of note, that though no Speaker accompanied the mace, "Mr. Speaker" was announced by the door-keeper to the House as usual. What is the profound philosophy of all this, it is not for us to attempt to discover. All we have to do is to record the facts; and having done so, we leave this phase of the Inner Life of the House, and will now proceed to speak of

THE WHIPS.

The notion which some people living quite away from the House have formed of Parliament is this: they imagine that it is an august and venerable assembly of earnest and thoughtful men, who voluntarily and freely assemble together to settle the affairs of the state. Now, it is possible that this was a true notion of the House of Commons once; but, if it were, the exigencies of party have long since changed it all. It has long since been found, that not only will members not come up freely when their presence is wanted, but that they must positively be urged to come, some by gentle suasion, others by the exercise of a more forcible influence; and, in order to use the less or greater force, a new order of officers has arisen up in the House, which, we dare to say, was quite unknown to our fathers. Of course, these officers are not recognised as part of the Parliamentary staff of the Serjeant-at-arms, nor are they paid by the country as officers of the House; but still there they are—they have a name, an office on the premises, a corps of subalterns, and have duties as well defined as those of the Speaker. They are called "Whips"—an abbreviation of whipper-in, a term borrowed from the chase. The whipper-in of the hunting field is the man who, armed with a long whip, and mounted on a strong and fleet horse, keeps the hounds together. Those hounds which *rather* lag behind, he *tears* on with his voice; but if some old hound or young precocious puppy obstinately or refractorily breaks away—"don't he catch it—that's all!"—an enthusiastic young sportsman said to us the other day.

Well, the Parliamentary whipper-in is very much like his hunting prototype. He has much the same duties; only one has to keep dogs, and the other men, to their work. The Government Parliamentary Whip has to make a House; that is, he must secure the attendance of the requisite forty members at four o'clock, when the House opens; and he must also take care to keep a sufficient number of members in the House, or within call of the bell; so that, however dreary may be the debate, the House shall not be counted out. This, however, is but a small part of his labour: his main duty is to secure a majority on a division. To this all his thoughts, anxieties, and exertions tend. Whether he be at the House, in his office, or at his private residence, this is the great end of his life. There are three Whips on the Government side—Mr. Hayter, Mr. Grenville Berkeley, and Lord Mulgrave—and if all the world were searched, three men more competent for their office could not be found. They know all the members, their opinions, haunts, habits, residences, and tempers; and when their services are required, messages can be sent by special messenger or telegraph, and the most likely influence exercised to bring them, as the sporting phrase is, "up to the scratch."

TELEGRAPH OFFICES WITHIN THE HOUSE.

We may note here, there are two telegraph offices within the precincts of the House, from whence the wires communicate with all the clubs, with the opera, and, of course, to all parts of the kingdom; and, moreover, there is always a staff of messengers lurking in a corner of the outer lobby, ready to run or ride at the bidding of the Whipper. When a division is expected, the appearance of the House would often justify the expectations of a Government defeat. But the knowing ones are not deceived by appearances. In these cases the business is managed thus:—Some Government member is set up to talk against time—the telegraph is worked, the messengers are despatched—the public offices are scoured, and in half-an-hour or less the Government benches assume a very different aspect. At length it is safe to divide—the speaker utters his oration, the division bell is rung, and the opposition member who laid the flatteringunction to his soul that he should carry his motion, finds himself in a minority. The busiest scene which the lobby presents is that which may be witnessed frequently just before the dinner hour. About 7, the House, which had been tolerably full, is emptied as a theatre is when the principal play is over. A stream of members rushes out, and then comes into play all the knowledge and skill of the Whips. An important division is expected late in the evening, and the great matter in hand now is, to secure the return of the members, and to guard against the possible accident of an early division.

"PAIRING."

To an inexperienced spectator, the Whips, as they sile through the throng, or dart across the lobby, appear to be mad; but a little more insight shows that all this confusion "is not without plan." The Whips are merely taking note of where their friends are going, or pairing them against members of the Opposition. "Here, Tomkins, where are you going?"—"To dine at my club."—"Well, don't go without a pair." And then back goes the Whip to the crowd, and shouts out, "Who wants a pair till 9 or 10?" "I do!" "Well, Tomkins will pair with you." The Whip then enters the transaction in a little narrow pocket-book, and rushes off again. This continues for about twenty minutes, until all "our friends" are made safe; and then, as the House is nearly empty, and will not fill again for at least two hours, two out of the three of the Whips may themselves go to dinner, leaving only one to keep guard. Within this "inner life" there is still another chamber, a *sanctum sanctorum* into which no vulgar eye may penetrate. What goes on in this mysterious cave, we of course cannot describe; but certainly very remarkable incantations and charms are practised—for, if Rumour speaks truly, many a man enters there a fiery opponent, and comes out a tractable, silent, and submissive supporter. And many a lofty patriot and denouncer of abuses, by some inscrutable process, is changed by the presiding Comus into a quiet, contented voter for, or even an energetic defender of, things as they are. But how all this is done, no man knoweth but the initiated. And of course they are like free-masons, odd-folks, &c., all sworn—"not to split." But more of the Whips and their doings at another time.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL.—The King of Portugal and the Duke of Oporto will, it is said, visit Belgium on leaving Paris, King Leopold having received an autograph letter from the young King, announcing that intention.

EPISCOPACY AT LABUAN.—A correspondent informs us that there is a mistaken notion abroad, in reference to the extent of the episcopate to which Dr. Macdougal has recently been appointed. The diocese will not be confined to Labuan and the neighbouring islets, but will include Borneo, and present a wide field for the exercise of missionary zeal.

OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET.

VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT.

SIR G. GREY, her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, having issued his notice in accordance with the terms of the Metropolitan Cattle Market Bill, passed in 1851, for the opening of this market and slaughter-houses, Wednesday, June 13, was appointed for the inaugural ceremony.

The site of the new market proper is an equal-sided rectangle, having a fall from the west corner to the south, east, and north corners, and includes an area of about 15 acres, of which one acre is devoted to the pig-market, and an equal area to the calf-market. In the centre of the market are erected shops and banking-houses, over which is a lofty clock tower, not yet completed, but which, when finished, will have a market bell. Accommodation is provided for 34,980 sheep in 1,749 pens, with a reserve for considerable extension; and 13,232 feet of rail, for the tying of 6,616 bullocks. The calf-market will accommodate 1,425 calves, and the pig-market 900 pigs. Laiage is provided for 3,000 bullocks and 8,160 sheep. There are four depots for hay, and slaughter-house accommodation to a considerable extent. There are five public-houses—the Black Bull, the Lion, the Lamb, the White Horse, and the Butchers' Arms. There are also nearly completed two large hotels, with shops underneath the principal rooms.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir F. Moon, accompanied by the City Remembrancer, the Sheriffs, the Recorder, Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and other officers connected with the Corporation, arrived on the ground.

His Royal Highness, accompanied with his suite, arrived at the north-west entrance gate of the market at one o'clock, where he was met by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the various members of the committee, and other gentlemen, and received most enthusiastically.

The Lord Mayor then entered his Royal Highness's carriage, and accompanied him round the extensive grounds, the slaughter-houses, &c., which were examined by his Royal Highness, who expressed his admiration at the admirable manner in which the whole had been arranged and carried out.

On entering the pavilion, his Royal Highness was enthusiastically cheered, and conducted to the dais, where the Town-clerk, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and the civic functionaries, read an address.

His Royal Highness graciously replied.

His Royal Highness and suite then partook of a cold collation.

The Lord Mayor, in appropriate language, proposed the "health of the Queen," followed by that of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the other members of the Royal family.

His Royal Highness, in rising to acknowledge the toast, was again most enthusiastically received. He said: My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen—For the very kind and flattering manner in which you have received this toast, I most sincerely thank you. I assure you it has given me great pleasure at being able to accept the kind invitation of the Lord Mayor, and to be present at the opening of this splendid and useful work; and I beg to assure you that the oftener the Lord Mayor will invite me to similar ceremonies the better I shall be pleased. Such works can only be undertaken by public bodies and carried out with success by public spirit; and I hail the present instance as an earnest of your (the Corporation's) determination to accept the duties which your position has imposed on you; and as success in all things depends on the manner in which they are undertaken and carried out, I beg to propose "the health of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London."

His Royal Highness and the other distinguished visitors then retired, and the proceedings terminated.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE ROSEMOND, 6, paddle steam-sloop, left Spithead on Sunday morning last for the Black Sea, with the three new mortar boats in tow. The Centaur also left on Saturday for the Baltic with supernumerary seamen and marines for the flagship Duke of Wellington, and letters, &c., for the fleet.

THE CALIFORNIA, 26, which arrived at Plymouth on Friday, left England on the 2nd of March, 1851, and reached Sydney on the 20th of July. She then entered upon a service of civilization, by visiting, with one or two exceptions, every port in the islands of New Zealand, and, after calling at Hobart Town, performed the next year a similar duty among the Fijian Isles, including the penal settlement of Norfolk Island, and then returned to Sydney. This frigate's passage from Australia to Cape Horn presents some remarkable features, especially at the present moment, when a knowledge of the shortest and most free route is so valuable. She left Melbourne, February 27, and was off Cape Horn, March 20.

THE IMPERATRICE, a screw-steamer, which left Woolwich on Tuesday, the 5th inst., with a cargo of Government stores for the Crimea, was run into, at one o'clock next morning, off Dungeness, by a Belgian brigantine whose crew were "taking it easy." The steamer at first made no water; and the captain, putting his vessel round, went to the brigantine to ascertain her name, and ask if assistance was wanted. On hailing her, he was told, in English, to go to a place, the way to which is supposed to be paved with good intentions; but, instead of following the advice, he made his way on board the brigantine. Finding, however, that the foreign skipper was utterly outrageous and unreasonable, the captain ordered a hawser to be passed from the steamer to the brigantine, and towed her into the Downs. The Imperatrice soon began to make a great deal of water, and the pumps were manned. The plates were found to be much indented and started. Means were used to stop the leak, but the compartment filled. The captain, on arriving in the Downs, communicated with the naval storekeeper at Deal, who advised him, if he thought it safe, to proceed to Sheerness. The captain, finding the other compartments tight, did so, but, in going through the Gulls, the vessel suddenly filled, and went down in about eight fathoms water. The crew had barely time to save their lives; and the captain, who was the last to leave the Imperatrice, was picked out of the water by a steam-tug, the Trinity.

A NEW BATCH of about 30 wounded and disabled men from the Crimea arrived in Dublin direct from Portsmouth on Saturday.

ON MONDAY the general inspection and review of the City of London Royal Regiment of Militia, preparatory to their being placed on permanent duty, took place at Finsbury. The corps mustered upwards of 500 bayonets, under the command of Colonel Wilson, alderman. The review was highly satisfactory.

ON FRIDAY last, 11 officers and 336 men of the 54th Regiment of Foot, accompanied by 28 women and 66 children, arrived at Doncaster from Sunderland. On Saturday morning they left Doncaster at 7 o'clock for London.

MILITARY COSTUME.—A further change is to be made in the dress of the Royal Foot Artillery. The new cap is to be small in size, but similar as respects shape, to that worn by the Horse Artillery. The covering of black fur is to display the novelty of having the white feather and royal arms on the side, instead of in the front. There is to be no band. A scarlet bag is to flow from the top. The design was approved of by the Queen on Saturday last.

THE HUTS AT SHORNCLIFFE, near Sandgate, which are intended to accommodate 5,000 men, are nearly completed, and will, it is said, be ready for occupation in a few days. A militia armoury and storehouse are to be provided by the county of Flint, and it is intended they should be enclosed within an acre of ground. The accommodation will embrace orderly and guard-rooms, &c., and the whole will be surrounded by a wall nine feet in height. A new militia armoury and barracks are also to be erected by the county of Carnarvon—the county applying £4,000 for the purpose.

THE SUPPLY OF GOOD WHOLESOME FRESH WATER to our gallant army in the Crimea and fleet in the Black Sea is causing great anxiety to our Government. The last accounts from the Kertch expedition state that the water with which the troops were supplied was of a brackish character, and, when we consider the importance of supplying troops with pure water, we can well understand that fears may be reasonably entertained that disease to some extent will be the consequence. The Lords of the Admiralty have not lost sight of so important a matter, as a vessel is now in course of being fitted out at Portsmouth, with a patent apparatus, by which a sufficiency of good wholesome water can be distilled in the course of twenty-four hours to supply from 30,000 to 40,000 men.

THE MILITARY "JOKING" AT CANTERBURY.—The Commander-in-Chief has communicated to the regimental authorities his decision in this well-known case. Cornet Evans of the 6th Enniskillens, is to be cashiered. Lieutenant Webster, of the 1st Royals, is to retire from the service by the sale of his commission. Lieutenant Hartopp is most severely reprimanded, and his conduct is to be reported every three months by his commanding officer, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Hardinge considers Sergeant Brodie's conduct in preventing the duel most praiseworthy, but it would have been better if he had reported his apprehensions to the commanding officer the previous night. Cornet Baumgarten is directed to be more on his guard for the future, and his attention is called to certain sections in the Articles of War. Captain Fitzwygram's name is not mentioned.

UNLICENSED PAWNBROKERS.—A bill is in preparation with a view to the better regulation of unlicensed pawnbrokers in Scotland.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

LAMBETH.

ROBERT M'LAUREN, the "dishonest lover," who appeared last week on the charge of obtaining money from Miss Hill after promising to marry her, was on Monday placed again at the bar. It appeared that, meantime, the families on both sides had arranged the matter, that the youth had expressed his willingness to fulfil his engagement, and the parties anxious to retire from the case. Miss Hill made her appearance, entered the witness-box, and was sworn; and, in reply to a question from the magistrate, as to whether she had got back all she required, or wished for, and that was £50; with this she was satisfied.

The magistrate said, that under the circumstances, the case must go to the sessions, but he had no objection to remand the prisoner for a week; and if at that time the money was brought back, the prosecutrix might do as she pleased. The prisoner was then remanded; but, in a short time after, Miss Hill presented herself, and exhibiting a hundred pound note, said she was perfectly satisfied, and begged the penitent lover's discharge. The magistrate having ascertained that the note was the property of her mother, and formed no part of the money obtained from her, and that, in point of fact, the prisoner had not returned a shilling, said the remand should stand before.

On a subsequent application, the prisoner was admitted to bail, himself in £400, and two sureties in £200, each.

CLERKENWELL.

A HOUSELESS BOY.—Edwin Williams, a ragged boy of tw lve, with bright eyes, and an intelligent countenance, was brought up before the magistrate at Clerkenwell on Monday. He had been caught early in the morning, in the Caledonian brick-fields, where he and another lad were in the habit of sleeping every night in the furnace holes of the heaps of new bricks. The practice was most dangerous, for the prisoner and his companion placed straw there to sleep on; and if a fire were lighted in front, they must be smothered. The other lad was not there when Williams was taken.

The lad, who appeared very intelligent, stated that he had no relatives or friends. His father, who was a shipwright in a man-of-war, was killed in the Black Sea. The news came to his mother by letter, and she died in five days after the "worry." He did not know where they lived, nor where she was buried. When his mother died, the landlord said, "You must go away," and he was turned out before she was buried, and did not see her again.

The magistrate said the lad's tale, if true, entitled him to sympathy. He should make an order for his immediate admission into the workhouse.

WORSHIP STREET.

LOVE AND POISON.—David Stephens, a respectably-dressed young man of 24, described as a tailor in Gloucester Street, Queen's Square, Camden Town, was charged at Worship Street, on Monday, as follows:—Emin a Wiggett, a pretty and ladylike young woman of 20, who gave her evidence with much trepidation and in a tone that was scarcely audible, stated—I am in a fancy Berlin wool shop in Church Street, Hackney, and have known the prisoner for some time, he having been paying his addresses to me for the last five or six months. At 12 o'clock on the 29th of last month I was in the shop attending upon a young lady, when the prisoner abruptly entered, and asked me if my determination to break off my engagement with him was irrevocable; I was behind the counter at the time, and replied in the affirmative, upon which he immediately pulled from his coat-pocket a small phial containing a kind of yellowish-white liquid, and examining, "Then, good bye," drank on the whole contents before any one could interpose, and while doing so, threw to me across the counter the letter I now produce. The young lady ran terrified out of the shop, and called in a surgeon, and the prisoner was, I believe, afterwards carried to the hospital. He only said "Good bye," and that was before I saw the bottle, and when I thought he was going to leave the shop. I never saw anything in the prisoner's manner to denote mental alienation, but he has an exceedingly bad temper. The prisoner—who the moment the young woman entered the witness-box looked at her imploringly, then burst into tears covered his face with a white handkerchief, and wept incessantly, but silently, throughout the examination—made a movement of distress, but no reply. The letter I now to the witness by the prisoner, contained this threatening passage:—"You last night's communication was a death-warrant to me, and I am resolved to die; the only sorrow I have is that I cannot take you with me, but I will if I can," &c. From the evidence of other witnesses it appeared that the prisoner, who, when given into custody, was suffering excruciating pain, was found to have swallowed aqua fortis, and was conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he had been up to the day of his examination before the magistrate. A razor had been found on his person when arrested, with which he meant to have killed himself if his first attempt failed. The prisoner had been brought up at the Foundling Hospital, and was without relatives or friends. He had lately been in the service of a clothier in Paddington. The magistrate asked the prisoner if it was true that he had no friends, and if he wished to say anything, and, the prisoner having convulsively replied that he had none, and now regretted his conduct, he was ordered to be committed till that day week.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th inst., at Welton House, East Riding, Yorkshire, the wife of Major Broadley Harrison, 10th Royal Hussars, of a daughter.

On the 7th inst., at Littlegreen, the wife of Captain G. Phipps Hornby, R.N., of a daughter.

On the 8th inst., at Wolcot, the wife of L. C. Tonge, Esq., Commander R.N., of a son.

On the 9th inst., at the house of her father, Dartmouth Grove, Blackheath, the wife of the Rev. Arthur Biddle, of a daughter.

On the 10th inst., at No. 8, Sussex Place, Hyde Park, Mrs. Francis Burnand, of a son.

On the 11th inst., at 19, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, the wife of Captain Hansard, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 7th inst., at St. Saviour's, Jersey, by the Very Rev. W. C. Le Breton, Dean of Jersey, Edward Johnson, Esq., of Brompton Crescent, London, to Eliza Matilda, youngest daughter of Philip Peller, Esq., of St. Helier's, Jersey.

On the 7th inst., at St. Giles's Church, Northampton, by the Rev. J. H. Usill, M.A., J. Edward Lovell, of Dunchurch Lodge, only son of Isaac Lovell, of West Haddon Cottage, Esq., to Mary Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Charles Markham, Esq.

On the 7th inst., at St. Mary's, Paddington, Henry Drake, Esq., of 47, Claverton Terrace, Pimlico, to Mary Anne, second daughter of Roger Gadsden, Esq., of Maida Hill West.

On the 9th inst., at St. Giles's Church, Camberwell, Mr. Henry King Horne, of St. Mesmin, near Orleans, to Mary, second daughter of George Jermyn, Esq. of Peckham Rye.

DEATHS.

On the 6th inst., drowned whilst bathing in the Severn, aged 13, William Macpherson, eldest son of W. Strange, Esq., M.D., of Worcester.

On the 7th inst., at his country residence, Beechwood, near Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, aged 66, Thomas Roddick, Esq., of Gateacre, for many years a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of Lancashire.

On the 9th inst., at Clapham, Henry Wilkinson, Esq., of White Webbs House, Enfield and Clapham Common, Surrey, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 10th inst., at 10, Brunswick Terrace, Windsor, after protracted suffering, Esther, the beloved wife of the Rev. J. A. Miller.

Of cholera, before Sebastopol, Charles Thomas King, Esq., Captain 32nd Regt., Orderly Officer to F. M. Lord Raglan, and son of the late Colonel Charles King, K.H., formerly of the 16th Lancers.

MONEY MARKET.

THERE has not been much business transacted in the English Stock Market, and the Market for Railway Shares has been very quiet. Bank Shares have been rather freely dealt with, but at unaltered quotations. The amount of business transacted in the Foreign Securities has been moderate, and, with the exception of Turkish Bonds, which are very unsettled, there is no alteration in prices.

The arrival of gold by the Baltic steamer from America is considerable; and several vessels have arrived from Australia. In the manufacturing districts, a better feeling prevails, and anticipations of greater activity are indulged in.

LONDON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13.

BANKRUPTS.

THOMAS and EDWARD SCULLY, Shoreditch, cheesemongers—WILLIAM STRAHAN, Sir JOHN DEAN PAUL, Bart., and ROBERT MAKIN BATES, Strand, bankers—JOHN VOWE, Old Kebel Road, Surrey, oilman—ANTHONY BIRCH, Birmingham, grocer—JAMES WAYMOUTH, Taunton, stationer—WILLIAM DAVIS, Birmingham, boot manufacturer—THOMAS MORSE, North Terrace, Grays Inn Square, wine merchant—HENRY PEATY, Bristol, grocer—SUSAN LYONS, Tavistock, draper—CHARLES RICHARDS, Wrexham, draper—ORLANDO THOMAS NEWTON, Liverpool, publican—JOSEPH JACKSON, Liverpool, draper—ISAAC MOTTERSHEAD, Macclesfield, builder—JOHN PARKER HALL, the younger, Liverpool, draysalter and shipowner—ALEXANDER PEAT, Manchester, boot manufacturer—ALBION PAULS DRAPER,

THE ASYLUM LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE,
72, Cornhill, London. Established 1824.
Chairman—JOHN CLARMONT WHITEMAN, Esq.
Persons on Healthy and Diseased Lives at Home and
Abroad, for Civil, Military, and Naval Employments.
The only Office on purely Proprietary principles, involving
no Partnership among Policy-holders.
For Prospects, Proposals, &c., apply to
MANLEY HOPKINS, Resident Director.

INDISPUTABLE LIFE POLICY COMPANY,
72, Lombard Street, and 24, Connaught Terrace. A re-
duction of 25 per cent has been made on the premiums of
policies of five years' standing.
ALEX. ROBERTSON, Manager.

**NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE
SOCIETY.** ESTABLISHED 1808.
Lieut.-General Sir R. J. HARVEY, C.B., President.
Secretary—Sir S. BIGNOLD, M.P.
London Agent—C. J. BUNYON, Esq.

This Society has now been established upwards of Forty-
six Years, upon the principles of MUTUAL ASSURANCE,
during which period it has paid to claimants on terminated
Policies upwards of £4,500,000 sterling, in addition to which
nearly ONE MILLION AND A QUARTER sterling has been
assigned by way of Bonuses; while the Accumulated Capital,
for meeting existing engagements, amounted, on the 30th
June, 1853, to £2,197,773 11s. 7d.

The Rates of Premium are below those of most Insurance
Offices, and under the age of 45 not less so than 10 per cent.
—a benefit in itself equivalent to an Annual Bonus.

One-half of the first Five Annual Premiums may remain as
a permanent charge upon policies granted for the whole duration of life.

No charge is made for Entrance Money, or Policy Stamps,
the latter being paid by the Society.

There is no Proprietary to divide with the Assured the
profits of this Institution, which is one of the very few purely
Mutual Insurance Offices. In addition, however, to the entire
profits of the Society, persons effecting Insurances will
be entitled to participate in the benefits to be derived from the
Reserve Fund, now amounting to £209,510 8s. 11d., and which, while affording all the protection of a Proprietary
Capital, will at the same time increase instead of diminishing
their future Bonuses.

Annuities are granted on favourable terms.

**NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE
OFFICE.** ESTABLISHED 1821.
ANTHONY HUDSON, Esq., President.
Secretary—Sir S. BIGNOLD, M.P.
London Agent—C. J. BUNYON, Esq.

TOTAL AMOUNT INSURED, SIXTY-TWO MILLIONS.
Three-fifths of the Profits are periodically returned to the
Insurers, who are under no liability to contribute to the losses
of others.

Chief Offices of both Societies,
6, CRESCENT, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, AND
SURREY STREET, NORWICH.

HANWELL COLLEGE, Middlesex.—A Pros-
pectus of this long-established and successful Institution
may be had on application to the Principal, the Rev. J.
A. EMERTON, D.D.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, Gray's Inn Road.
Patron—The QUEEN.
Founded 1828.

No order for admission is here required.
During the past month the following number of sick poor
received the benefits of this Charity, either as out or in-door
patients, on their personal application:—

Week ending 7th May	2,372
Ditto 14th May	2,541
Ditto 21st May	2,469
Ditto 28th May	2,320
Ditto 29th, 30th, and 31st May	1,014

10,716.

of which 3,460 were new cases, the remainder (still under
treatment), having been admitted previously.

Heavy expenses are inevitably incurred in affording such
extensive relief. The Committee, therefore, earnestly entreat
the aid of the public.

The management of the Hospital is in the hands of thirty
Governors, yearly elected from the general body of subscribers
at the Annual General Meeting in January. A Board is held
every Thursday at 4 o'clock, to conduct the business, when
any subscriber may attend if so disposed, the Board being at
all times desirous of receiving suggestions or giving explana-
tions.

The Hospital is not endowed, but is wholly dependent on
voluntary contributions and legacies, which are thankfully
received by the Treasurer, John Masterman, Esq., M.P.,
Nicholas Lane; also by Messrs. Coutts and Co.; Drummond
and Co.; Herries and Co.; Ransom and Co.; Prescott, Grote,
and Co.; Smith, Payne, and Co.; Glyn and Co.; Jones,
Loyd, and Co.; Barclay and Co.; Denison and Co.; Williams,
Leeson, and Co.; Overend, Gurney, and Co.; Nisbet and Co.,
Barkers Street; Masterman and Co.; and at the Hospital.
Cast-off apparel (male and female), will be gratefully
acknowledged.

Appetite and Digestion Improved.

TO DRAUGHTSMEN AND ENGRAVERS ON WOOD.
R. J. SCOTT, BOX-WOOD PREPARER, 126,
R. Newgate Street (corner of Giltspur Street.)
Clearing, Piercing, Repairing, &c.

**T. TROTMAN'S PATENT FOLDING CAR-
RIAGES** for Infants and Adults, propelled and guided
from behind, folding in a moment, convenient for travelling,
or where space is an object. Also Registered Safety PRO-
MENUEUSES and PERAMBULATORS, with Registered
Steel Spring Guards to prevent their falling over backwards.
Patent Carriage Works and Depot near the Gate, High
Street, Camden Town, London.

DRAWING and DINING-ROOM FURNITURE,
Carpets, Curtains, Bedsteads, and Bedding.—ROBERT
FISHER and CO., 32, Finsbury Place, corner of Finsbury
Square.—The most extensive stock in the Metropolis is now
on show in the spacious Show-rooms of the above Establish-
ment, suitable for any class of residence, from the cottage to
the most noble mansion. Rich Velvet Pile Carpets, 4s. per
yard; Silk Damask, 5s. 9d. per yard, 54 inches wide.—
N.B. A suite of handsome Walnut Wood Furniture, and
50-inch by 40-inch Chimney-glass, for 35 guineas.

THE TEN-GUINEA HARMONIUM, with the
improvements. Manufactured solely by Messrs.
WHEATSTONE and CO., who obtained the only Prize
Medal for this Instrument; has the full compass of five
octaves, with one stop, a rich sustained quality of tone, which
can be produced either loud or soft at pleasure; is an excellent
substitute for an organ, and does not require tuning.
Warren's Tutor for the above, 4s.

WHEATSTONE and CO., Inventors and Patentees of
the Concertina, 20, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London.

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PIANOFORTE,** compass 6½ octaves.—H. T., the
original maker of a 25-guinea pianoforte, has, by the care he
has devoted to all branches of the manufacture, obtained the
highest reputation throughout the universe for his instru-
ments, unequalled in durability and delicacy of touch, more
especially for their excellency in standing in tune in the
various climates of our colonies. In elegant walnut, rose-
wood, and mahogany. Cases packed for abroad for £3 10s.
extra. H. Tolkien's manufactory, 27, 28, and 29, King
William Street, London Bridge.

RUSTS' PATENT TUBULAR PIANOFORTE.
Piccolos and Cottages equal in volume and quality of
tone to Horizontal Grands. Novelty and elegance of design,
material and workmanship not to be surpassed.
Depot, 207 and 209, Regent Street.

TO THE LADIES IN TOWN & COUNTRY.—
The ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, Vol. III., price 2s. 6d., neatly bound, containing 200 Illustrations, is just ready. Its contents are—Most Interesting Tales, Sketches, Histories, and Romances, with beautiful woodcuts—Biographies and Portraits of Memorable Women—Prize Compositions—Poetry—Each month's last new Fashion, and its practical working—Wit and Wisdom—Things worth Knowing—and a vast number of admirable recipes for cooking, preserving, and pickling. The purchaser of Vol. 1, 2, or 3 of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, price 2s. 6d. each, is entitled to a chance in the distribution of Four Hundred Guineas in July next. (N.B. The purchaser of the 3 Vols. has 3 chances.) A specimen number and prospectus sent to any part of the Kingdom for 3 postage stamps to the publisher.

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—All who delight in unravelling a mystery, or unmasking a cheat, will read this narrative with intense relish. It appears in the FAMILY FRIEND for June, which also contains the First Chapter of an Original Tale, charmingly written, entitled "Revenge." The other contents are most varied, readable, amusing, and instructive, forming a rich profusion of articles of the highest merit, and most absorbing interest. "A Trip to Paris" so pleasantly detailing (vide April Number) the way of getting there cheaply, and with least trouble, is now brought down to a graphic description of the Opening of the French Exhibition; while a well-timed Memoir of Eugenie (the Empress) makes us fully acquainted with her antecedents and career.

We notice that the publishers have just brought out a gay medley of good things, under the fanciful title of HODGE-PODGE; OR, HOW TO SHORTEN A LONG JOURNEY. In it both Excursionists and Travellers possess an agreeable companion. The FAMILY FRIEND, price 2d.; post-free, 3d.; and HODGE-PODGE, price 1s., are sold by

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